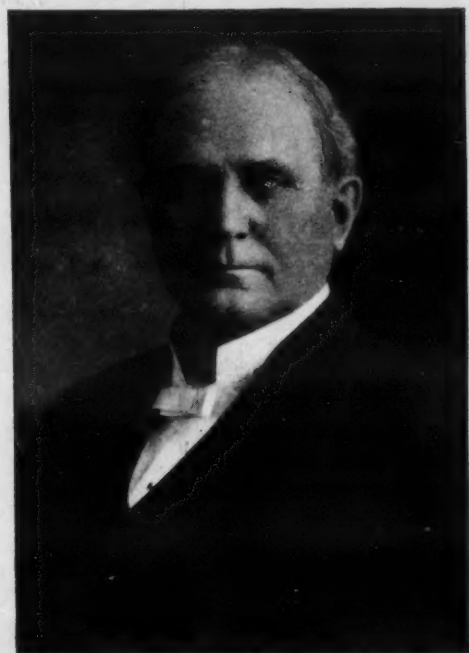


Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

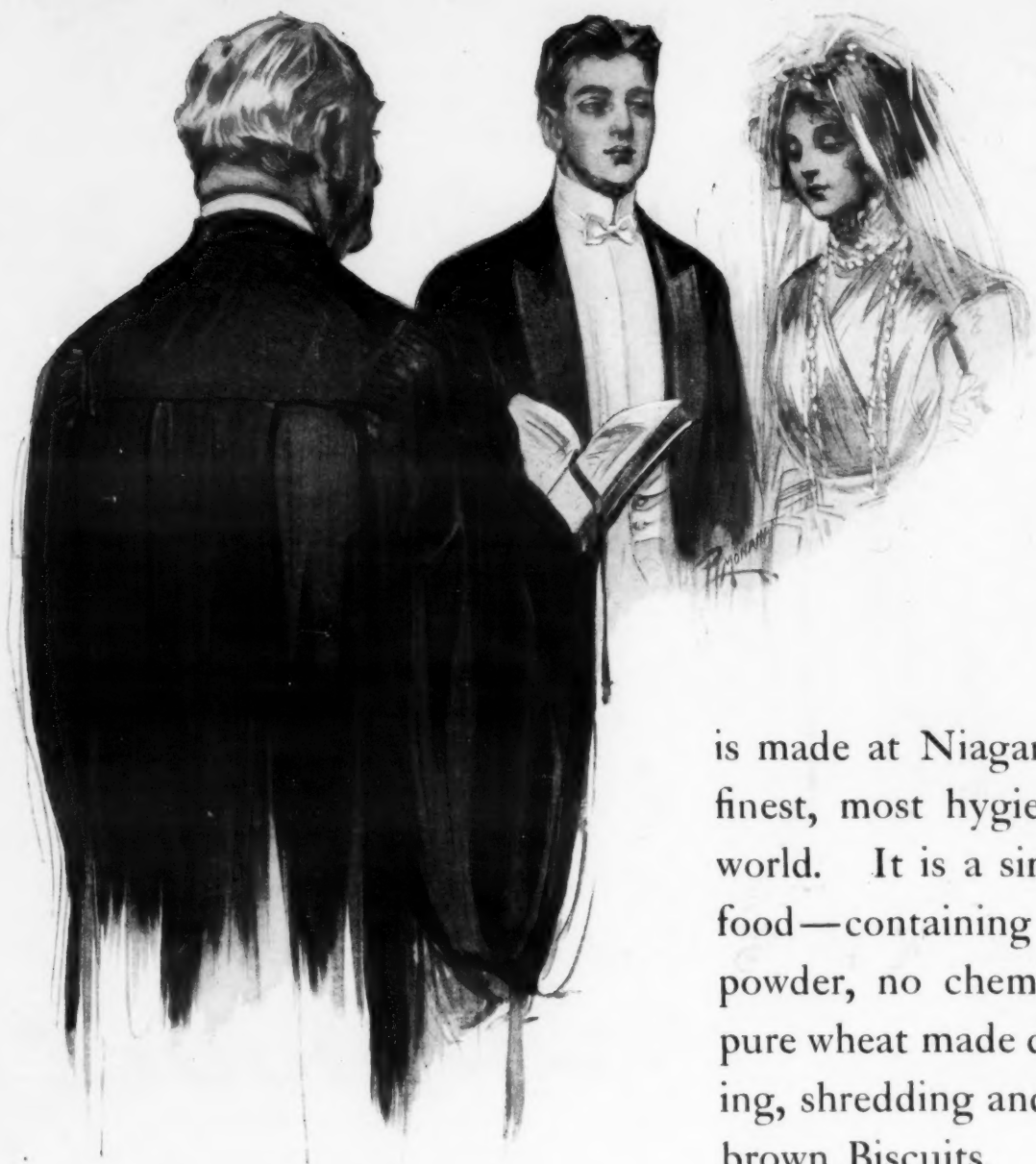


Two Patent Medicine Statesmen

—in this
issue

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Matches Are Made In Heaven



But— Shredded Wheat

is made at Niagara Falls in the cleanest, finest, most hygienic food factory in the world. It is a simple, natural, elemental food—containing no yeast, no baking powder, no chemicals of any kind—just pure wheat made digestible by steam cooking, shredding and baking in crisp, golden brown Biscuits.

The bride of today becomes the housekeeper of tomorrow. Every month is June to the young housewife who knows

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

and the many delicious, nourishing dishes that can be made with it. With Shredded Wheat in the pantry the housekeeper is ready for every emergency of household management—for the unexpected guest, for all the uncertainties of domestic service.

Shredded Wheat is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. Nothing so delicious and wholesome as Shredded Wheat Biscuit with strawberries or other berries or fresh fruits of any kind—and nothing so easy to prepare. Heat one or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness and then cover them with berries or other fresh fruits and serve with milk or cream. A dish for the Summer days, more wholesome and more nutritious than heavy meats and soggy pastries.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer—a crisp, tasty, nourishing whole wheat toast, delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Always toast it in the oven before serving.

The Shredded Wheat Company,

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER



"Chain Your Bedroom Doors against Burglars"

George Dougherty, the Veteran Head of Detectives of the Police Department of New York City, says:

BURGLARS! You can't bar them out. They artfully avoid burglar alarms, cut 'phone wires, pick locks, win your dog's friendship, and make all your defenses look foolish. Burglars have abnormal genius for their work, make no mistake.

"This is the only sure prescription against burglars: Get a 10-shot Savage Automatic. Put 'chain door fasts' on all bedroom doors. When the burglar tries to 'jimmy' or force the door, the chain rattle will awaken you. That's the big moment. Warn him that you'll put 10 Savage shots through the door quick as lightning if he doesn't get out. If he doesn't get out, bang away. Then shoot out of the window to call police."

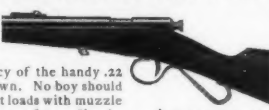
The Savage is the only 10-shot Automatic. You shoot one shot each time you pull the trigger, yet all eleven shots can be fired in less than 3 seconds. Reloads 10 shots in a flash.

'Phone your dealer now to send you a Savage for examination.

Books containing advice by eminent police authorities, telling what to do when you find a burglar in the house, sent you for 6c in stamps. Send today.

20-SHOT REPEATER FOR \$6.50

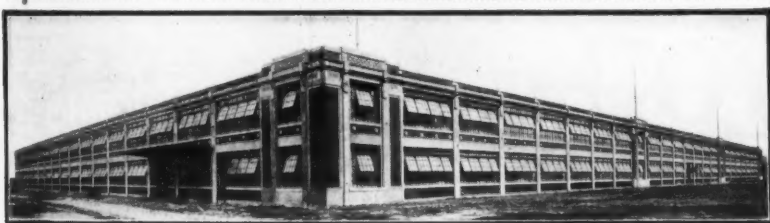
A 22 repeater that shoots "shorts" with utmost accuracy! Specially chambered, and rifled with a special twist to bring out the full accuracy of the handy .22 short. You load it muzzle down. No boy should be allowed to have a rifle that loads with muzzle up. This is the first law of gun safety. Simple, durable military bolt action will stand hardest weather and usage. Strong extractor pulls out



empty shells as easily as you extract a cork. And yet this arm—made, tested, inspected and targeted just as carefully as the most expensive rifle—costs only \$6.50. An accurate, serviceable 20-shot repeater—good enough for any sportsman—at a price within the reach of anyone. Write today for catalog.

SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 826 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, NEW YORK

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



Entire plant Continental Motor Co., Detroit. Built Kahn System Reinforced Concrete.

Kahn Building Products

Embrace all constructions, including reinforced concrete, stucco, metal lath, steel windows, waterproofing, finishes, steel specialties, etc. Kahn Buildings are found the world over, and represent maximum fireproofness, daylightness, strength, safety and economy. Our experience covers thousands of the most carefully planned buildings, and is at your service without cost if you write us about your contemplated building.



Hy-Rib Concrete Roofs and Sidings built without forms. United Steel Sash in all windows.

Hy-Rib

Does away with forms in concrete construction. Makes best Roofs, Sidings, Floors, Partitions, Ceilings. Better and more economical than brick, corrugated iron or wood. Hy-Rib steel sheathing is a combined unit of reinforcement, centering, studs and lath. Hy-Rib Hand Book of valuable suggestions, specifications, etc., Free, if you mention your building.



Perfect Daylighting with United Steel Sash and Kahn Flat Ceiling Construction. Dodge Bros., Detroit.

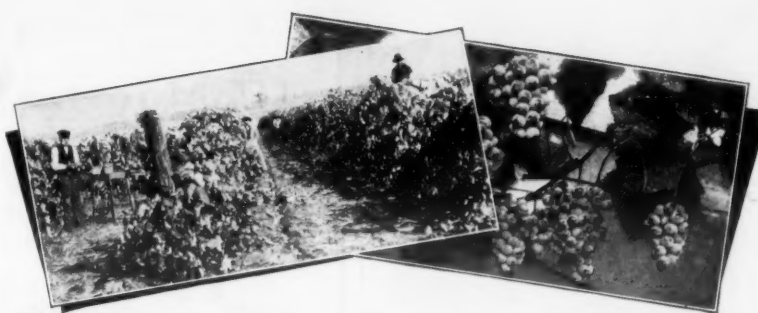
United Steel Sash

Improved types of sash for all openings. Machine built of rolled steel—unwarped by cutting or punching. Flood interior with daylight. Proof against fire and storm. Cannot warp, rot or wear out. United Steel Sash Catalog, showing complete details, illustrations, etc., Free, if you write us about your building.

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL CO., 942 TRUSSED CONCRETE BLDG. Detroit, Mich.

JUNE 22

1



Better Digestion—Better Appetite—Yours by Drinking Grape Juice

"Using a reasonably large amount of unfermented grape juice with a mixed diet is beneficial, digestion being improved, intestinal fermentation diminished. . . . The agreeable flavor increases the appetite, by no means unimportant consideration."—Extract from *Farmers' Bulletin 175, published by U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

THAT grapes are one of Nature's best aids to good health has long been recognized by Europe's skilled physicians.

Grape "Cures" are an established institution across the water, and thousands of health seekers flock to them yearly.

But the most convenient way to take advantage of

these wonderful health giving qualities is to follow the recommendation of Uncle Sam's expert given above—

—And drink with meals, and between meals, a "reasonably large" quantity of pure, rich grape juice—the grape juice that you insure yourself by always insisting on—

Armour's Grape Juice

The Family Drink

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

Made only from luscious sun ripened Concord Grapes, ready to burst with juice, Armour's Grape Juice is unsweetened and undiluted—just the pure, rich juice, preserved only by sterilization and air-tight bottling.

Each day's picking goes to the press *that same day*.

Grapes are never held over to wilt and wither.

Armour's Grape Juice is sold by grocers and druggists at fountains, buffets and clubs. It will help you resist the enervation of long, sultry summer days.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you a trial dozen pints for \$3, express prepaid.

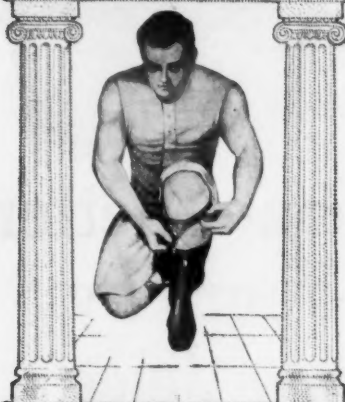
Address Armour and Company, Dept. 153, Chicago.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY



3

PARIS GARTERS



No Metal Can Touch You

25¢ A. STEIN & CO. CHICAGO, U.S.A. 50¢



Keep Your Own Razor in Perfect Shape

You don't have to be an expert to keep your razor so it will always shave you with ease and comfort—just use the expert's strip—the

New Torrey Honing Strip

The result of over half-a-century of strip making. Get one of these wonderful strips at your dealer's and enjoy a cool, smooth, close shave, every day—in perfect comfort and without the slightest irritation to the skin. Price, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. If your dealer cannot show you the New Torrey Honing Strip—write us for full information. Booklet, all about shaving, sent free on request.

DEALERS—Write for full particulars of our special proposition.

Get a Torrey Razor—best made.

J. R. TORREY & CO.
Dept. B Worcester, Mass.

\$39

2 H. P. ENGINE

With fittings, including propeller and stuffing box, etc.

FOR ALL KINDS OF BOATS

Used in Government Harbor Boats. Extra power and extra wear. Compact, reliable, silent, low running cost. The perfect two-cycle reversing engine. 2-year guarantee. A woman or child can run it. 3, 4, 6, 10 H.P.—proportionately low priced. Special prices to boat builders and agents. Book Free.

NORTHWESTERN STEEL & IRON WORKS
720 Spring St., Eau Claire, Wis.

10 CENTS A DAY



buys the Pittsburgh Visible Type-writer. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. \$45 now—later the price will be \$100. The best typewriter in the world, far exceeds any \$100 machine made. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two special prices to boat builders and agents. Book Free.

To Get One Free and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter "Mail your Free Offer."

THE PITTSBURGH VISIBLE TYPEWRITER CO.
Dept. 52, Union Bank Bldg. PITTSBURGH, PA.

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IF ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unbreakable prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1913 model bicycles.

Factory Prices Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

THREE, Consider-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half usual prices. Do Not Wait; write today for our special offer.

HEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. P-64, CHICAGO

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 76

"LET the buyer beware!"

This is a selling slogan centuries older than advertising. It dates with the galley-slave as a motive power for ships, the crucifix as a means of capital punishment, the stylus and parchment as the machinery of publication.

I thought that we had outgrown this discredited selling slogan until I chanced to see a New York newspaper editorial advocating the doctrine "let the publisher let the buyer look out for himself."

The Ad League Bulletin of the Advertising Men's League of New York City very pertinently replies:

"Should the publisher accept money for advertising that he knows cannot pay the advertiser without injuring his readers?"

I am glad to tell you that an increasing number of publishers are giving an emphatic "No" to that question. Month by month more readers are being protected from advertising which "cannot pay the advertiser without injuring the reader."

You will never find a line of that kind of advertising in Collier's.

F. B. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department

What do YOU know about Socialism?

All that you don't know about this interesting and important world movement will be told you in understandable language in a notable series of articles by MORRIS HILLQUIT, the leading American Socialist, which begin in the July METROPOLITAN.

The METROPOLITAN is not a Socialist organ. Neither is it fearful of a fair, free discussion of Socialism in its pages. The METROPOLITAN is the different magazine. And these will be the different kind of magazine articles.

MORRIS HILLQUIT, Socialism's most forceful writer, will begin the series under the title of "Socialism Up-to-date" in the July METROPOLITAN. He will cover his subject in six articles, as follows:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| The Aim of Socialism | The Political Program of Socialism |
| The Causes that Make for Socialism | The Practical Achievements of Socialism |
| The Methods of Socialism | The Growth and Future of Socialism |

Letters pro and con from our readers relative to Socialism will appear in the magazine each month.

The publication of these articles will represent the most interesting and most comprehensive treatment of Socialism ever undertaken in this country.

You can't afford to miss them.

Special Offer—Six Months For Fifty Cents—For 30 Days Only

Use this coupon and save money. The METROPOLITAN is 15 cents a copy—\$1.50 a year. On receipt of this coupon with 50 cents we will send you the METROPOLITAN for six months beginning with the July number. You save 40 cents by accepting this special offer and will receive six beautiful copies of the new size METROPOLITAN containing all of MORRIS HILLQUIT'S articles on Socialism. Good for 30 days only. Send in your coupon today.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, Collier's, I.
286 Fifth Ave., New York.

Gentlemen: In accordance with your special 30 days' offer I enclose 50 cents. Send me the METROPOLITAN for six months, beginning July.

Name.....
Street.....
City and State.....

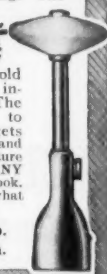
Makes Your Hot Water Heating System More EFFICIENT

If you are building, or remodeling,—if you had difficulty keeping your home comfortable last winter, we want to send you our FREE illustrated book, explaining the HONEYWELL SYSTEM—the most important discovery ever made in connection with hot water heating. The

HONEYWELL HEATING SPECIALTY CO.

has practically revolutionized old methods. Attached to any plant increases efficiency 25 to 50%. The Honeywell System costs less to install, is more economical, gets heat to radiators more quickly, and provides a range of water temperature 85° to 240° not to be found on ANY other system. Send postal for free book. Tells what others HAVE DONE, what YOU CAN DO. Address today

Honeywell Heating Specialty Co.
131 Main St., Wabash, Indiana.

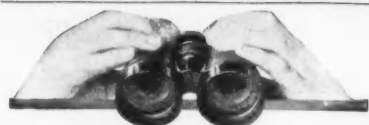


VENUS PERFECT PENCILS

Free Trial: To prove to you the superior quality of Venus Perfect Pencils we will send you sample pencil free if you will write us. Ask for hard, soft or medium. Venus Perfect Pencils are the finest for every purpose. Last longest. Write smoothest. Erase cleanest. Do not break when used or sharpened.

17 Black Gradations and 2 Copying. Absolutely guaranteed. WRITE.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
222 Fifth Ave., New York



Two Glasses in One \$15 For One Half Price, \$15

—high and low power—equally good for day and night use—distant, or near view. ALL the service of several glasses in ONE. One delighted purchaser says of

DA-NITE Binoculars

"I am well pleased with them more than I expected. All the boys here anxious to own a pair." Geo. P. Storm, U. S. Army, Fort Lincoln, Alaska."

DA-NITE Binoculars are only half the price of glasses of one power—\$15.00. Including carrying case and cord. Travelers, Motorists, Sportsmen, Theatre goers—send for FREE Booklet F-3. MCINTIRE, MAGEE & BROWN CO., 733 Sansom St., Phila.

YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Make big money the very first day operating the NEW MODEL COMBINATION CAMERA. It takes and instantly develops an entire different style of pictures, including POST CARDS, 4 styles of Tintype pictures, and Brooch Pictures. No dark room. Requires no experience whatever. Everybody wants pictures.

A Wonderful Money-Maker

Small investment buys complete outfit, including Camera, Tripod, and material for 100 pictures. Make money the first day no matter where you live or what you are doing. Detailed information free, including letters from prosperous operators everywhere.

L. LASCELLE, Mgr., 627 W. 43d St., Dept. 430, NEW YORK

AGENTS A BIG SELLER

SCREEN DOOR CHECK

Demonstrate and sale is made. Stops the bang and saves the door. Dozen can be carried in pocket.

BIG DEMAND

EASY SALES. BIG PROFITS. Demonstrating sample free to workers. Write at once.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 8629 Barny St., Dayton, O.

AYVAD'S WATER-WINGS

Learn to Swim by One Trial

Plain, 25c. Fancy, 35c.

AYVAD MAN'FG CO., Hoboken, N. J.

Big Money

With our Diamond Post Card Gun; takes pictures without Negatives—Postals, Buttons, all sizes in One Minute—Large profit.

International Metal & Ferro Co.
Dept. 56, Chicago, Illinois.

GOLF

By GEORGE FITCH

—thirty-six pages of unadulterated laughter, in which the clever author subjects the clubs, the greens, the bunkers, and the entire game of golf to a play of wit that simply flashes through every line. 35 cents at your bookseller's, or send 38 cents for a copy by mail.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
416 W. 13th St., New York City

Thermos
FOR GIFTS
Golf or Bridge Whist Prizes

Thermos as a gift never disappoints and is never exchanged. One cannot have too many Thermos articles. They are handsome in appearance and everyone has an everyday use for Thermos. For keeping ice-water and other beverages cold in the home, for serving hot drinkables at luncheons, card parties, etc., for carrying hot or cold drinks on motor, fishing, hunting and boating trips and when traveling, for keeping baby's milk cold, clean, germ and fly proof and for countless other uses, nothing takes the place of Thermos.

Thermos keeps liquids ice cold for 3 days or steaming hot for 24 hours

Thermos Bottles \$1 up Thermos Carafes \$5
On Sale at Best Stores

There is only one genuine Thermos. If your dealer will not sell you products plainly stamped "Thermos" on the bottom of each article, we will ship you express prepaid upon receipt of price. Write for Catalog.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO.
Thermos Building, New York
Thermos Bottle Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

THERMOS
The BOTTLE

Visit Yellowstone National Park

Season: June 15 to September 15

Geysers, cataracts, canyons, beasts, birds, fish—no place like it in the world. Go there this summer on way to Pacific Coast. Low Convention and Tourist Fares. Write quick for details. Enclose 6 cents for this beautiful book, easily worth \$1.00. Special parties being organized. Join the one from your section. Write today.

A. M. CLELAND, G. P. A.
St. Paul, Minn.

Northern Pacific Ry



3-IN-ONE

Turn it up side down and find the last drop in a bottle of 3-in-One as good as the first. It never gums, turns rancid—no residue—all oil, pure oil, and the only oil that positively prevents rust and tarnish on metal surfaces in-doors or out, in any climate, in every weather. Try on nicked bath room fixtures, stoves, ranges, brass work, black iron, etc.

Your home will be right side up and bright side out if you use 3-in-One for cleaning and polishing furniture—for oiling sewing machines, etc.: Write 3-in-One Oil Co., 42 ANH Broadway, New York City, for generous sample bottle and 3-in-One dictionary. BOTH FREE.

Steinfeld

The most convenient Collapsible Bed for all purposes. It is strong and thoroughly comfortable. When not in use it folds up into a neat, small package. Can be carried from place to place without effort.

Price \$3.00 WEIGHS 15 LBS. Guaranteed to Sustain 800 lbs.

Ideal for Camp, Motor Boat, Yacht, Bungalow, Lawn or Porch, and continually useful in emergencies. For sale at all department, furniture and sporting goods stores. Ask for camp and motor boat booklets.

STEINFELD BROS. 554 Broadway, New York.

TELESCOPE COT BED

The EUREKA Vacuum Cleaner does its work so thoroughly, quietly and easily that it sells itself against all competition. Soon every modern house will be cleaned by suction process. We guarantee the Eureka most satisfactory of all cleaners or no pay. Price surprisingly low. Write for the Eureka Book.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER CO.
1261 Majestic Bldg. Detroit, Mich.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
JUNE 22, 1912 SATURDAY

VOLUME XLIX NO 14
P. F. COLLIER & SON, INCORPORATED, PUBLISHERS

ROBERT J. COLLIER, President
FRANKLIN COE, Vice President
416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

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TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street.
Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter Special Issues, 25 Cents.

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THE TYPEWRITER OF MAINTAINED EFFICIENCY L.C. SMITH & BROS. Typewriter

Ball Bearing Long Wearing

The ball bearing type bar of an L. C. Smith is just acquiring a polish from use, when an ordinary type bar bearing is beginning to wear out.

That is but one reason why the L. C. Smith retains its smoothness and accuracy of operation indefinitely.

The rigid but frictionless ball bearing carriage with its light tension, the light touch capital shift, and other equally individual features, combine to make possible typewriting which is almost effortless and always accurate.

To buy an L. C. Smith is to invest in typewriter satisfaction. Every element of speculation as to length and quality of service has been eliminated by the application of the most advanced mechanical principles and the use of materials specifically chosen for each working part.

Write for new booklet, "Vantage Points of the L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter."

L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.

Head Office for Domestic and Foreign Business
SYRACUSE, N. Y., U.S. A.

Branches in all Principal Cities



Give your hot, tired feet a rest this summer in

Engel-Cone E. C. Ventilated Shoes

Light, neat, stylish Oxfords with slit uppers to give the feet air.

The foot needs cool shoes just as the body needs light underwear.

Send for catalog.

Sizes 6-12 for Men . . . \$1.00
Sizes 2 1/2-6 for Women and Boys 2.50
Sizes 9-2 for Boys and Girls . . 1.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship upon receipt of price.

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO.
37 New Street East Boston, Mass.

Have Your Own Private STEEL GARAGE

Protect Your Car From Fire and Theft



Have your own garage. Make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save \$25 to \$35 monthly garage charge. Save \$50 to \$100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete, f. o. b. Cincinnati, on receipt of \$92.50. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 14, 16, 18 or 20 feet long, 10 feet high. Ample room for largest car and all equipment. Fireproof, weather-proof, indestructible. Looks most securely. An artistic structure any owner will be proud of. Booklet, with full description and illustration, sent on request.

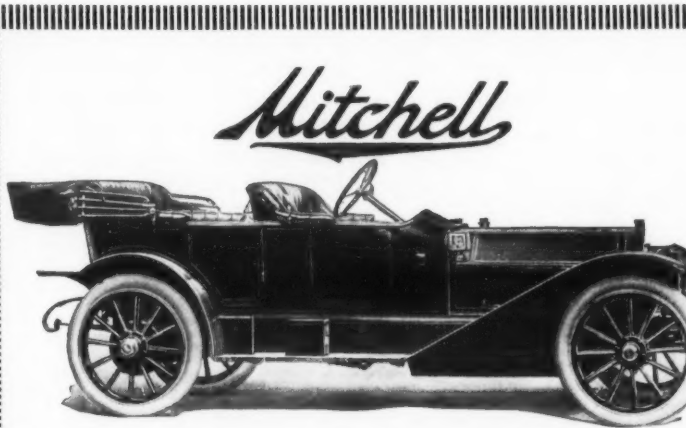
The Edwards Mfg. Co., 741-781 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

ORIENT

CLARK'S FIFTEENTH ANNUAL CRUISE, February 15, 72 days, \$400 and up, by new Cunarder "Laconia." Hotels, drives, guides included. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., NEW YORK

Camp Indianola, For Boys

Best Equipped Camp in the West. Ideal Location. No Mosquitoes. Catalog. F. G. MUELLER, Madison, Wis.



YOU want to be sure about two things in buying an automobile; you get them both in a Mitchell.

1. A car built, finished and equipped with the best materials that we can buy; our aim is to have the name Mitchell stand for the highest in automobile values.

2. Service to owners; Mitchell service means continued satisfaction. A service at your command immediately we know anything is wrong.

Mitchell cars are built for the man who can't afford to make a mistake.

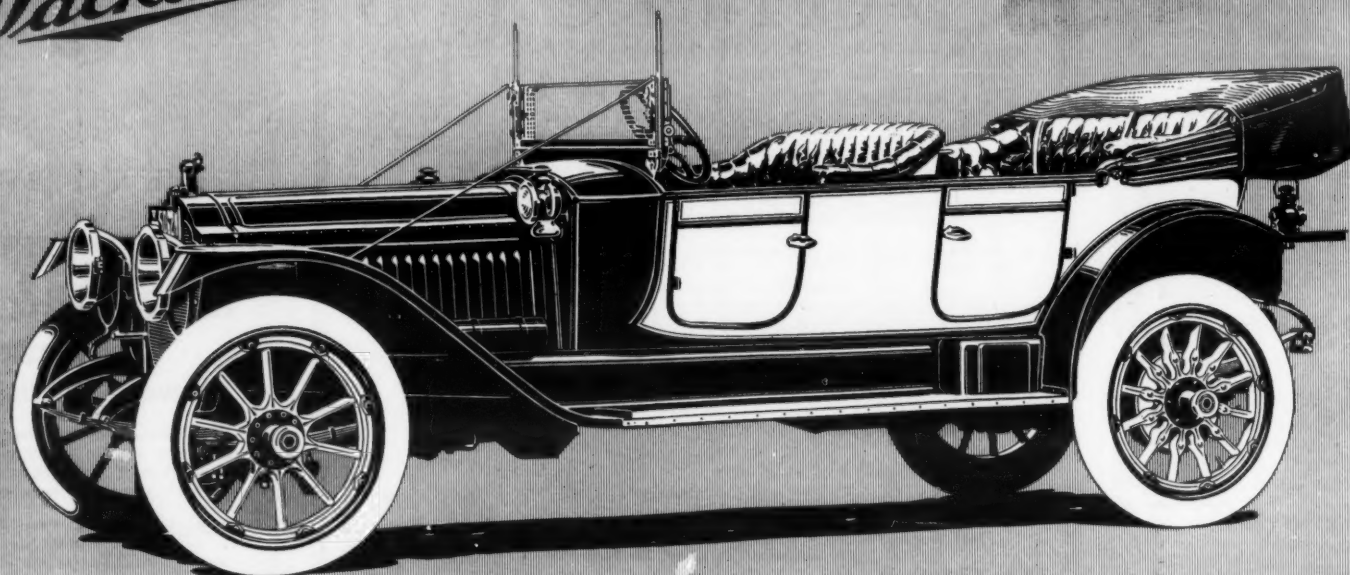
For big value look at the Mitchell 5-passenger, 6-cylinder, 48 horse-power car; 125-inch wheel base, 36-inch wheels; a beauty; \$1750.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company

Racine, Wisconsin

Branches: New York Philadelphia Atlanta Dallas Kansas City Seattle London Paris

Packard



1913

In the Packard "48" for 1913, the dominance of the Packard Six is strengthened by logical improvements based on fourteen years of engineering success

Horsepower by the standard A.L.A.M. rating, based on a piston speed of 1000 feet per minute.....48

Actual brake horsepower at the same piston speed.....62

Maximum brake horsepower, obtained at a piston speed of 1576 feet per minute.....82

Fastest getaway—60 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start.

Smoothest running motor and easiest riding car even at speeds from 60 to 70 miles an hour.

Easiest to drive—With a wheel base of 139 inches, will turn around in a street 46 feet wide.

Safest for fast driving—Positive steering; positive brakes.

Best hill climber at all speeds and regardless of road conditions.

Best cash asset—Packard cars have the highest second-hand value.

The Packard "48" Line

Touring Car, seven passengers.....	\$4,850
Phaeton, five passengers.....	4,750
Runabout, two passengers and rumble...	4,650
Limousine, seven passengers.....	5,850
Landaulet, seven passengers.....	5,950
Imperial Limousine, seven passengers....	6,050
Brougham, five passengers.....	5,800
Coupe, three passengers.....	5,100

Standard equipment of open cars includes top and windshield

Packard "30", \$4,200 Packard "18", \$3,200

Shipments have begun but, inasmuch as options already have been closed for several hundred of these cars and each Packard dealer has only a definite allotment to sell, an early order is necessary to secure a desirable date of delivery.

Packard dealers throughout the country cooperate with the Packard Motor Car Company in providing the most willing, the most expert and the most comprehensive service in the world.

Demonstration on any kind of road by any Packard dealer. The Packard "48" is fully described in the Packard Year Book, which may be obtained by request

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

Ask the man who owns one

Colliers



MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

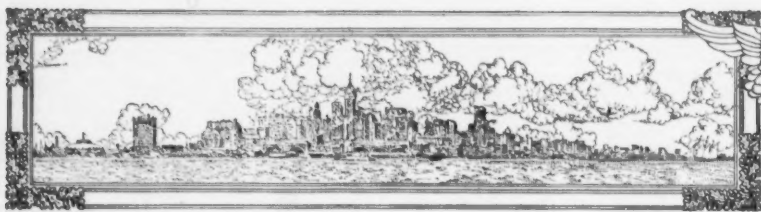
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NORMAN HAPGOOD
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Mountebank and Manikins—and a Man



SELF-GOVERNMENT

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT would seem to be an act in which the people of the United States are educated enough to play a part. There has been much dispute at Chicago about legality, but that is not the most important question. Whether or not delegations were elected from certain States makes little difference. Those legally elected under some primary laws represent in no degree the voters of the party. The time has passed when the so-called common people of the nation will remain comfortable under primary laws which give them no part in government. If the parties themselves do not reform their methods of selecting delegates, the reform will be forced upon them. By 1916 there will have taken place such changes in nomination machinery that such a fight as has been going on in the Republican party will be impossible. If two-thirds or three-fourths of the party wishes one man for President, it will by 1916 be a joke for another man, whom less than a quarter desire, to gain his principal strength through the sheer will of politicians. There are plenty of alarming things in this universe, but one thing which causes us no terror whatever is the substitution of the will of an enlightened community, accustomed to discussion and in possession of the facts, for the backstairs methods of a bunch of parasites whose interests, like the interests behind them, are divergent from the welfare of the community at large.

PLATFORMS

TWO SUBJECTS apparently will occupy the foreground in political debate this summer, and comparisons of the two platforms will have some real influence. First comes the problem of the trusts. They count more in the cost of living by a good deal than the tariff—although the tariff is one of the principal causes of their existence. That party will have the advantage which supports most ably these two positions:

1. The Sherman Act should be amended along the lines of the Len-root Bill.
2. The laws regulating trusts should be applied by a commission similar to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The tariff is a difficult issue to handle because of the infinite complexities of it and the fact that almost any improvement in it will mean some temporary sacrifices. We believe that candidate will gain, however, who takes fearlessly the position that changes must be made in behalf of the consumer, and against the sheltering of trusts, and that these changes should be made, schedule by schedule, under the influence of a permanent expert commission with great powers.

There are certain matters of great importance, like conservation, that are hardly likely to lead to sharp differences of opinion during the campaign. The parcels post may or may not develop enough interest to form an issue. The pure-food question we do not believe can be kept down. The law certainly ought to be amended so the court will admit that it means what Congress was trying to make it mean. The following letter has been sent to President TAFT, Colonel ROOSEVELT, Governor WILSON, Governor HARMON, Senator LA FOLLETTE, CHAMP CLARK, and EUGENE V. DEBS:

The Food Committee of the National Consumers' League desires to obtain from you some statement as to your intention in regard to the future of the Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906.

This law would have afforded consumers complete protection under its provisions from the evils of adulterated, misbranded, poisonous, and harmful foods, drugs, liquors, and medicines had it not been betrayed, as was demonstrated by Dr. WILEY's resignation.

Is the policy to continue of relaxing the enforcement of the law in favor of certain privileged manufacturers?

Is the policy to continue of letting Mr. McCABE decide legal questions connected with the enforcement of the act, or is the law to be enforced only through the courts, as was intended when the act was first enacted?

Is Secretary WILSON to be continued in office and to have the power to stop the enforcement of the law, notably in the case of the sulphuring of fruits, when he announced that "this law has got to stop"?

Was it intended that the Secretary of Agriculture alone should have the power of life and death over the Pure Food Law?

Is it just to consumers to retain in office Secretary WILSON and Messrs. McCABE and DUNLAP when these men have steadily upheld the special interests to the disadvantage of the Pure Food Law and the detriment of the consumer?

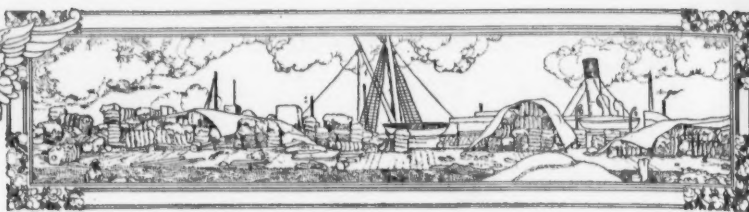
If you are elected to the high office of President of these United States, will you remove from office these faithless officials who have steadily favored the weakening of the law, who have permitted its fundamental principles to be violated? These are the questions that vitally concern consumers.

We ask you what you will do, so that we may know what is to be the fate of the greatest law for the protection of the home ever enacted in this country.

I have the honor to remain, Very truly yours, ALICE LAKEY,
Chairman, Food Committee, National Consumers' League.

CRANFORD, N. J., June 11, 1912.

Probably the President's first fatal mistake was in the position he took on the Ballinger controversy. His persistence in maintaining the Wilson-McCabe domination in the Agricultural Department shows that he learned little by experience.



PUNISHING AN INSURGENT

PROGRESSIVES BEGAN to feel the power of Federal revenge early in the present Administration, as confessed in the now famous Norton letter. An interesting attempt to oppress is the case of WILLIAM KENT, long known as an ideal type of American citizen, devoted to the public welfare, able, aggressive, with nothing to gain for himself. Possibly what started the President after his scalp was KENT's active opposition to Secretary BALLINGER in the Tahoe Forest Reservation grab. The hostility first showed itself in 1910, when KENT took the field against Congressman DUNCAN MCKINLAY of California, then seeking a renomination. KENT received a note from Secretary NORTON beginning "Dear BILL," and bidding him "return to Washington and resume your old affectionate relations with the President." The sting was in the tail of the letter, which stated that Congressman MCKINLAY was "too valuable a man to the Administration to be dropped." KENT replied simply that he intended to beat MCKINLAY if it were practicable. Then the Administration got to work. KENT is president of the Golconda Cattle Company, which owns upward of 60,000 acres of land in Nevada. An inspector from the Interior Department the previous year had said that this company had fenced in certain Government lands. The fences referred to in the report had been put up more than twenty years ago, when nobody knew where Government land began and private property left off. In such cases of uncertainty it is the universal custom, in the case of infringement claimed by the Government, to notify the owner. In this case the first KENT heard was that he was to be criminally indicted, and he heard this indirectly. KENT wired to the President, who did not reply. Instead, his department officials proceeded to give out charges to newspapers hostile to KENT's candidacy. KENT telegraphed WICKERSHAM as follows:

Unnecessary for Government to begin any suit to compel destruction of fences of Golconda Cattle Company. If upon Government land or in contravention of Government policy, or letter or spirit of the law, company ready to remove any such fences. Consider it an outrage that no request has been made for removal of fence alleged to be on its land, as customary in other cases before commencing suit. Resent absurd delay of over six months and until midst of my campaign for Congress, for alleged reason of "further investigation of facts," when half a day's ride with company's foreman would have settled all civil questions in dispute. Demand full copy of Jewell report, of which press has given frequent partial versions.

WILLIAM KENT.

Five days later Secretary NORTON replied in a letter beginning "Dear Sir," admitting that no formal notice had been given, but adding a remarkable explanation:

... the Department [of the Interior] believes, from oral statements made by the United States Attorney, that the company has for some time been cognizant that proceedings by the Government were in contemplation.

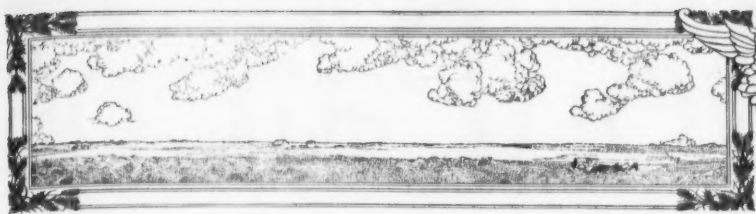
The assumption was baseless, and no explanation was offered by NORTON for giving out the story. *It happens that there existed at that time a telegram from MCKINLAY to Commissioner DENNETT of the General Land Office, famous in the Ballinger exposures, asking him to make it easy for the press to get information about the case against KENT.* The telegram was franked and concluded as follows: "This is very important. Wire reply." WICKERSHAM allowed a respite of thirty days, and KENT made a survey, which showed that about sixty acres of public land had actually been inclosed in the twenty-year-old fence line. He removed these fences, paid the Government rental for the use of the lands, and then proceeded to swamp Congressman MCKINLAY in the primaries. The Southern Pacific machine, which had helped MCKINLAY in the primaries, threw its influence to the Democratic candidate, and the Government at Washington, in spite of the full settlement, had a criminal indictment brought against the company. Nevertheless, KENT proceeded to overwhelm his Democratic antagonists, and the indictment, being of no further political use, was dismissed.

A SLIP

ABULLETIN sent out from the Woodrow Wilson headquarters attributed to Mr. CLARK a declaration about restricting immigration which was really that of Mr. UNDERWOOD. That the statement was reproduced in COLLIER's is the more regretted by us because we are opposing Mr. CLARK for the Presidency and to an extent supporting Mr. UNDERWOOD—that is, maintaining that he is the best standard bearer for the strictly conservative Democrats.

AN HONORED DAWG

MANY WILL HESITATE, even if they read the articles on patent medicines, CHAMP CLARK, and HEARST in this issue, to say a word against the Clark Presidential boom after what happened recently in Pleasant Hill, Missouri. A houn' dawg, abandoned by his master, was about to be shot by the town marshal. Hark! Hoofbeats! Stay—A reprieve comes just in time, when a village politician perceives the worth of the starving, lop-eared houn'. Behold the most discouraged of Pleasant Hill's dog population exalted to princely estate! See him lavishly conserved



as a mascot to accompany the Missouri Champ Clark delegation to Baltimore. But for our Speaker (cheers!) the houn' must have perished miserably. Think of this, O ye in Baltimore!

RIDING THE STORM

GILBERT MURRAY, the great English scholar who has made Euripides an interesting and living writer to thousands who could not have appreciated him without Professor MURRAY's brilliant transference of his works into vivid English, has recently returned to England from a visit to this country and said:

Great insurgent forces are at work in the United States, and citizenship will require in future finer training and vision than in the past.

This statement is true of all citizens. It is certainly true of political leaders. The old-fashioned Senator who would get rid of all the stirring and new ideas of the present by calling them "discontent" and other terrible things is quite inadequate to meet the situation. Unhappily the power of the demagogue, like Mr. HEARST, is at the same time increased. Every year finds the masses less willing to be led about by a small unsympathetic and uncomprehending class. We hope, with much faith, that in a few years we shall be able to say that they are also becoming more critical of the demagogic liar, who inevitably comes to the front at a time like the present, to use the power which the control of millions of dollars and many newspapers puts into his hands.

SOUTHERN DELEGATES

ONE REMEDY for the "Southern Delegates" evil is to put the Federal officeholders into the classified civil service list, instead of making them appointees of the President, as now. The white Republican henchmen in the Southern States, who send up "instructed" delegations, and go up themselves as delegates to the National Convention, are often postmasters, collectors of revenue, or customs collectors. They owe their place to the President, so they have to work for his renomination. In three separate messages Mr. TAFT has recommended that these local Federal offices be embraced in a classified merit system. This means placing in the classified service all the local officers under the Departments of the Treasury, the Interior, Post Office, and Commerce and Labor. That is an extension of the classified service to all the higher officers except those who have to do with the determination of policy. Mr. TAFT has said: "The President and members of Congress devote to matters of patronage time which they should devote to questions of policy and administration." He asked that his critics "join with me in legislation which will enable me to put every local officer, be he postmaster, internal revenue collector, customs collector, under classified civil service." "It would," said he, "take away the power to use the patronage of the Government for political purposes." "By their certainty of tenure, dependent on good service, and by their freedom from the necessity for political activity, these local officers would be induced to become more efficient public servants." Not only do these appointive officials use the public money to pursue their own political career, but they keep the classified employees under them in a state of political eruptiveness and restlessness. Mr. TAFT calls the present system of Southern delegates and Federal officeholding "a factional chase for Federal offices." He says: "There is a little coterie of politicians who devote themselves solely to the selection of delegates to the National Conventions, who devote no time and energy whatever to elections, and whose whole object is the securing of the Federal patronage."

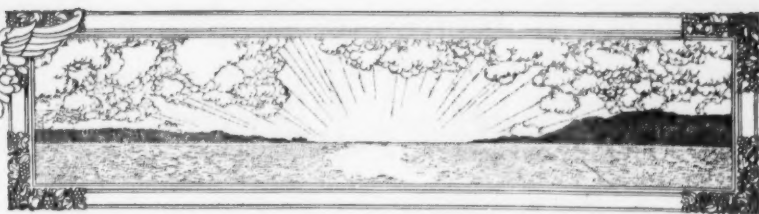
Another suggestion is to cut down the size of the Republican delegation from those States which are overwhelmingly Democratic. The size of the delegations would be based on the size of the Republican vote cast at the preceding election. Louisiana, with no Republican party at all, would then no longer send up twenty delegates to choose a President—to equal that of Kansas, casting almost 200,000 Republican votes.

Another suggestion is that Federal officeholders be barred from serving as delegates to national conventions.

Another suggestion is that the candidate must receive a majority vote of the delegates from States which cast a Republican vote at the preceding election, and then a majority of the total convention.

CAPITAL AND THE SOUTH

FINANCIAL NOSES are keen. Just now they are turned toward the South. With a population of 33,000,000, the South now has invested in business about \$84,000,000 more than the whole United States could show in 1880; the value of the South's crops now exceeds the value of the crops of the whole country as late as 1890; and its coal products last year amounted to two and a half times the coal output of the United States in 1890. Go almost anywhere in the South and you feel self-confidence which is based upon figures. "They talk big down there," said an investi-



gator, "but they tell the truth." He showed some figures which did indeed talk big. In the six months ending May first, wholly new water-power projects, with a total capitalization of more than \$200,000,000, have been organized. They will ultimately develop 1,500,000 horsepower. Their financing is looked after by bankers in London, Toronto, Montreal, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and the cities of the South. A recent offering in London of \$10,000,000 of bonds of an Alabama power company was largely oversubscribed. Virginia, West Virginia, Georgia, and Alabama are the great water-power States—there, manufacturing enterprises must grow to justify the investments which are being made. It is in the South that the greatest crop increases are coming, that diversified farming is winning converts most rapidly, and the situation is freest of the parasites who fatten on boom-time by-products.

RUBBER STAMPS

A PERFECTLY FRIENDLY READER refers to our accidental use of the phrase "Sullivan and Gilbert." His point is well taken. If one should say "cheese and crackers," "butter and bread," "Remus and Romulus," or "Jill and Jack," the public would be upset.

WHY IT HAPPENED

TWO YEARS AGO ASSESSOR HENRY ARNOLD of Denver learned that the bipartisan political organization, for its own "needs," had imposed an extra tax duty of \$650,000 upon the smallest property holders of the community without either their consent or their knowledge. Notifications of the intended raise were never received by the taxpayers. Instead, the documents were burned in the courthouse furnace. ARNOLD, though elected as a "machine" Democrat, was roused to such sincere indignation by the discovery that the following year he wiped the \$650,000 off the tax books and with it an additional \$250,000, which he held to have been unnecessarily levied, and then inquired into the public-utility-corporation assessments so effectively that to the traction corporation, the tramway company, he added a valuation of \$1,400,000; to the gas company \$590,000, and to the water company \$250,000. Accordingly, Mr. ARNOLD was marked by the corporations and politicians for destruction. For the same reason the people became at once his friends. An incident of the warfare, immediately begun, was the forcible ejection of Mr. ARNOLD last December from his office by midnight raiders. But on the following Sunday, in the face of an icy wind, the citizens of Denver met on the grounds of the State Capitol to praise ARNOLD and to condemn his enemies. That is why the people of Denver recently elected ARNOLD their Mayor and threw off boss, gang, and corporation rule. On a Citizens' ticket he was elected by a plurality of nearly twenty-three thousand votes over the Democratic candidate and by a majority of nearly eleven thousand over the Democratic and Republican candidates. Judge BEN LINDSEY, without whose missionary work Denver never would have been awakened, shared fittingly in the triumph. The vote which reelected him judge of the Juvenile Court recorded a plurality of twenty-five thousand. And the reason in both cases is that the people are tired of being run by a gang and are willing to face the awful dangers of self-government.

PLEASING THE PUBLIC

WHEN HE WAS a young man, L. S. MILLER followed the railroads West, and at his maturity he was recalled by a great Eastern railroad system to take charge of the construction and operation of a subsidiary line. In the Far West Mr. MILLER had seen the tide of public distrust rise against the railroads. He had become aware of many opportunities for service which railroads had overlooked in their pursuit of the immediate dollar. In building the New York, Westchester and Boston Railroad, now approaching completion, Mr. MILLER was not hampered by old-fashioned directors, and he had plenty of money. He associated with himself a firm of architects who were in sympathy with his desire to make stations comfortable and attractive. Riding recently in cheerful electric coaches over their new line, we seemed to be passing not so much from station to station as from villa to villa. A bridge structure, surmounting a street, done with concrete arch, tiled roof, and copper drains, seemed a passage over sunken gardens instead of the familiar dreary heap. The railroad had pledged to the people that it would permit no signboard along its right of way; it had constructed the road without a single grade crossing; its waiting rooms were built of marble inside and "acres of glass" in the arcaded walls to let the sunlight in. At a chief station the cost-of-living problem for commuters had been taken up, by arranging a three-decked arcade, the top deck to receive freight cars, the second to be composed of shops, and the lower deck to carry the traffic, each commuter being able to procure his food with no wholesaler's or drayage costs upon it. The conduct of this line is a sign of the times to come.



Two Patent

CHAMP CLARK and William Randolph Hearst are so closely identified in the present campaign that it is amusing to see each of them associated with the Great American Fraud. Hearst's relation to that fraud is conspicuous and outrageous. Speaker Clark, on the other hand, in giving his recommendation to a patent medicine, was guided by entirely different motives. It was never part of his business as it is of Mr. Hearst's. The Speaker likes to please everybody. That has been the work of his lifetime and the foundation of his success. He has done an enormous number of favors, and his popularity is the result of being a good mixer and of many benefits conferred. Grotesque opinions do not interfere much with the popularity of Clark, because convictions in statesmanship are not the material on which his popularity has been founded. His asset has been amiability widely distributed. The patent-medicine testimonial which we present on this page merely shows the intellectual caliber of the Speaker. It is rather an amusing concentration of his quality, and there is absolutely nothing sinister about it. It places him, in other words, intellectually rather than morally.

What are the reasons that have made Mr. Clark so satisfactory a candidate not only to William Randolph Hearst, his most energetic backer, but to the politicians in every part of the country and to the heads of the big business organizations? For a long time while his boom was getting well under way it was managed by the same men who were handling the Underwood and Harmon booms.

Clark struck both the politicians and the business men as a very shrewd compromise because he had Mr. Bryan's backing and Mr. Hearst's backing, and yet in the whole of his career had never shown any dangerous qualities, but had always shown that compliance and that perfect harmony with the machines which is all that big business requires in order to enable it unostentatiously but surely to get what it wants from a man. Mr. Hearst's reasons for backing Clark were simpler. Clark was a man who would exchange favors. If he should happen to be elected, Hearst could count on a suitable reward. If he should not be nominated, Hearst would have put him under great obligation, and Clark would be likely to do all he could to further Hearst's ambition to be the dark horse of the Baltimore Convention.

Hearst's immense power through his newspapers is steadily used for the furtherance of his own political wishes, and Speaker Clark is an ideal politician for this kind of an arrangement.

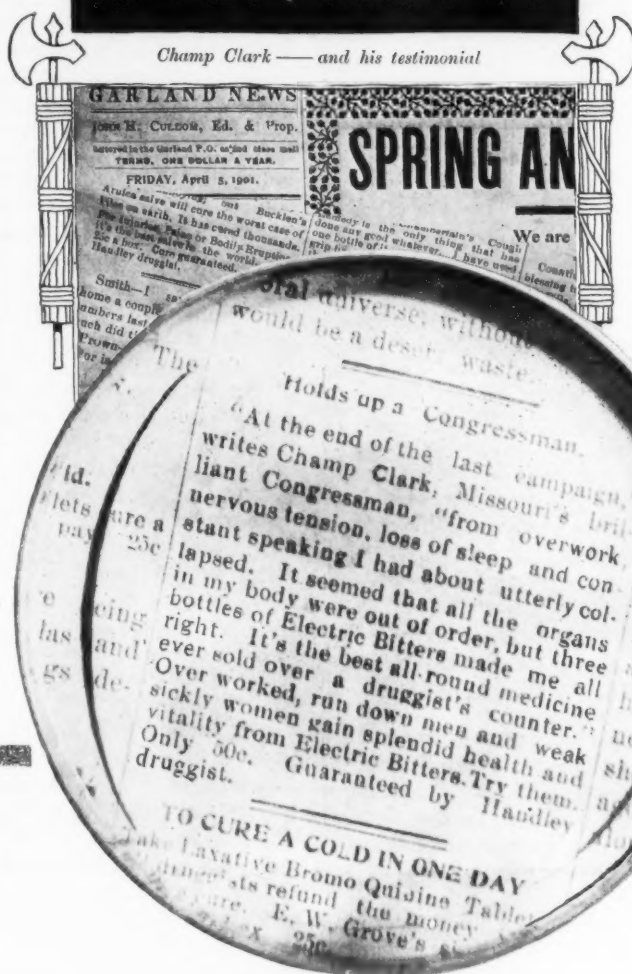
The Congressional Record indicates that Mr. Clark holds the following opinions:

That the army should be cut down one-half.

That the Civil Service Commission should be abolished.



Champ Clark — and his testimonial



That "the civil service system is the greatest and most monumental fraud ever adopted or proposed in a civilized country."

That the Diplomatic Corps should be abolished.

That "there are but two men in the hoary registers of time that Cleveland's name ought to be associated with—Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. Shades of Arnold, forgive the profanation!"

That there are two pieces of ground on the North American Continent that he wished to see annexed: "one is Cuba and the other is every foot of British North American possessions."

That he "would destroy every custom house in America . . . tear them all down from turret to foundation stone."

This absolute free-trade doctrine deserves at least respect. We merely quote it for possible comparison with later utterances.

Speaker Clark left his chair recently to speak in favor of the pension grab, and again to speak in favor of a land-grabbing sop to the State which he represents.

It would be entertaining, no doubt, to know who wrote this accompanying patent-medicine testimonial for Mr. Clark, reproduced from the "Garland News" of Garland, Texas, and also whether the Speaker changed any of the words, and whether he ever saw

any of the medicine before or after he signed the sweeping tribute to it. A good soul is Champ Clark, likable and ingratiating, but we fear he is not a heavyweight. Clark has none of the serious vices of his backer, Hearst, who is swinging a power at present that is great and is entirely unjustified by disinterestedness or moral responsibility. Clark's shortcomings are innocent. He merely does not amount to enough to justify his being the Presidential candidate of a great party. Hearst's faults are of the positive and menacing sort. His relation to this particular patent-medicine fraud we now proceed to take up.

Hearstism and the

OBERVE on the opposite page the spectacle of William Randolph Hearst trying to be good. Or, if not trying, at least pretending. The exhibit vividly exemplifies the difference between promise and performance in the yellow journal brand of reform.

For years the advertising columns of Mr. Hearst's papers have been literally oozing poison and fraud; very profitably to Mr. Hearst, but ruinously to his readers, for whom he professes such paternal solicitude. Adverse criticism, or some other and less obvious motive, inspired him, last winter, to make a pretense of purging his pages. "Printers' Ink" published his announcement as follows, under the caption:

HEARST PAPERS THROW OUT OBJECTIONABLE MEDICAL COPY

The New York "American," the "Evening Journal," and "Das Morgen Journal," owned by W. R. Hearst, have given notice that on and after February 1 no so-called objectionable medical advertising will be accepted. It is believed that the loss of income resulting from this action will more than be offset by the increase of business which will result from the cleaning up of the columns.

An Exhibit in Mock Reform

Mark that qualifying compound, "so-called." There is in it much virtue for Mr. Hearst. For "so-called" belongs to the category of what Theodore Roosevelt terms "weasel words—words which suck the meaning out of the phrases into which they creep, as a weasel sucks the meat out of an egg." If Mr. Hearst doesn't choose to call objectionable the mass of fakery, indecency, and danger which still pollute his publications, and of which examples are given in the accompanying illustration, why, of course, the advertisements are not "so-called objectionable"—to him. But however he may juggle with words, he cannot juggle with this provable fact, that four months after the date set for his "cleaning up" there are to be found represented in his New York newspapers more than forty medical fakes.

One thing he has done for which credit should be given. He has cast out the local venereal quacks, following in this respect the example set him long ago by his rival, the "World." But if he has established any other "dead lines," they are not apparent from a

study of his journals. For here, pouring into the Hearst treasury the "rake-off" from their charlatanism, are the foul brood of fake consumption "cures," "lost vitality" nostrums, bust developers, venereal quackery (nonlocal), medical magic workers, secret "eradicators" of drink and tobacco habits, harmful kidney, bladder, and liver mixtures, absurdly mendacious cure-alls, dangerous rupture appliances, cathartics reeking with false promises, impossible beauty secrets, a vicious pretense whereby a quack doctor, ostensibly giving free medical counsel to the Hearst readers, in reality lures them to buy concealed patent medicines; and such old-time exponents of the Great American Fraud as Lydia E. Pinkham, the Dr. Pierce fakes, Dr. Cooper, and Radway's Ready Relief.

Detailed description of all the Hearst-fostered medical knaveries is unnecessary and superfluous. Only a few of the more blatant offenses perpetrated by the "cleaned-up" columns will be pointed out here. For ex-

Great American Fraud

Medicine Statesmen

Addressed to Women

That Backache of Yours

Is one of nature's warnings when all the joy of living has vanished because of trouble peculiar to womanhood. Don't disregard this warning. Don't procrastinate. Now is the time to take steps to regain health and strength.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

NO ALCOHOL NO NARCOTICS

RHEUMATISM

S.S.S. A LA

BEECHAM'S PILLS

TOBACCO KILLS

BEAUTY SECRETS FOR WOMEN

Trusses Like These Are A Crime

HARD FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Consumption

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Develop Your Bust in 15 Days

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

THE CURABLE STAGE OF TUBERCULOSIS

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

Radway's Ready Relief



William Randolph Hearst

HEARST PAPERS THROW OUT OBJECTIONABLE MEDICAL COPY

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From "Printers' Ink," for February 8, 1912

ample, there are the consumption "cures," representing in a very poignant sense blood money, since every dollar spent on this form of quackery means a wasted chance of life. Yet, for pay, Mr. Hearst, the friend and counselor of his readers, puts the lives of those readers in jeopardy through the cruel printed lie of the quack doctor, Erdtmann, who declares in the New York "Sunday American" that his consumption nostrum "does not only relieve at once but it is a positive cure. . . . No relapse."

Can Mr. Hearst find nothing objectionable (so called) in that? Or in the lure of that other notorious faker, Dr. Anderson, whose catchword is "X-Light diagnosis" of tuberculosis, whatever that may mean? Or in the exploitation of Eckman's Alternative for consumption, regarding which Mr. Hearst states (vicariously) that hundreds are now "restoring themselves to health at the cost of a few bottles of medicine"—a medicine invented by a horse doctor who finds it more profitable to dupe humans than to dope horses?

Any Hearst reader suffering from kidney trouble can be swindled out of his money with certainty, and not improbably out of his life, by following the advice of his favorite journal and taking Swamp Root. For this nostrum contains in large quantity a drug which is positively and unfailingly harmful in kidney or bladder diseases, the very diseases which it offers to eradicate. Is Mr. Hearst prepared to acquit this wicked fraud of all "so-called objectionable" fea-

Have You a Disordered Stomach and Liver?

Do you start the day feeling that the whole world is against you? You cannot hope to "make good" under these circumstances. Nobody can. You must have a clear brain and every organ in perfect train to do justice to yourself.

DR. PIERCE'S Medical Discovery

With Quick Relief

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

DELICIOUS "SYRUP OF FIGS" FOR A BAD LIVER OR SLUGGISH BOWELS.

FAT FOLKS SLIM

Treatment for Tuberculosis

tures? Another form of kidney quackery is also welcomed to his pages, Doan's Kidney Pills, famous for their testimonials of perfect cure from dead people!

In the matter of offensive sexual nostrums, Mr. Hearst's distinction between objectionable (so called) and unobjectionable seems to be based on geographic grounds. As has been stated, the New York venereal quacks are virtuously banished. But, large and black, in the Hearst sheets appears the promise, from Atlanta, Georgia, to cure syphilis. To be sure, the disease is not called by its right name; but the intended meaning of "Contagious Blood Poison" (duly capitalized in the advertisement) is unmistakable. Of course S. S. S. is sheer fraud. It will not and cannot cure syphilis by that or any other name. Any unfortunate who lets himself be beguiled by the advertising is likely to find himself presently beyond human aid from the ravages of a disease which, with proper treatment, is curable. Thus once again we see Mr. Hearst's journalistic beacons of uplift and education lending their radiance to help light "fools the way to dusty death." Nor does his veneer of professional delicacy inspire him to abjure as objectionable (so called) the "lost vitality" form of viciousness as exemplified in the Sanden Health Belt and in the hoary old swindle, "Vitaline," which promises marvelous results in "Lost Vitality, Lack of Strength, Energy, or Ambition, Bad Dreams, Poor Memory, Bashful (sic), Despondent (sic)," and, for good measure, in heart, stomach, catarrhal, and blood ailments.

(Concluded on page 28)

Health and Advice

Free! 5,000 RUPTURE

Free Treatment NOTHING TO PAY

Beware of Appendicitis and Gall Stones

Eyes Cured—Sample Bottle Free

Catarhal Troubles Relieved

Free to Men

Radway's Pills

My Wife and I How She Stopped Me from Drinking

ECZEMA

A MESSAGE TO WOMEN

When a remedy growing in popularity number of women do not reasonable to believe We challenge the special class of disease demand and maintained it

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

A Woman's Medicine for Women's Ills.

FREE Dollar Bottle Vitaline

Radway's Ready Relief

ASTHMA

My Wife and I How She Stopped Me from Drinking

ECZEMA

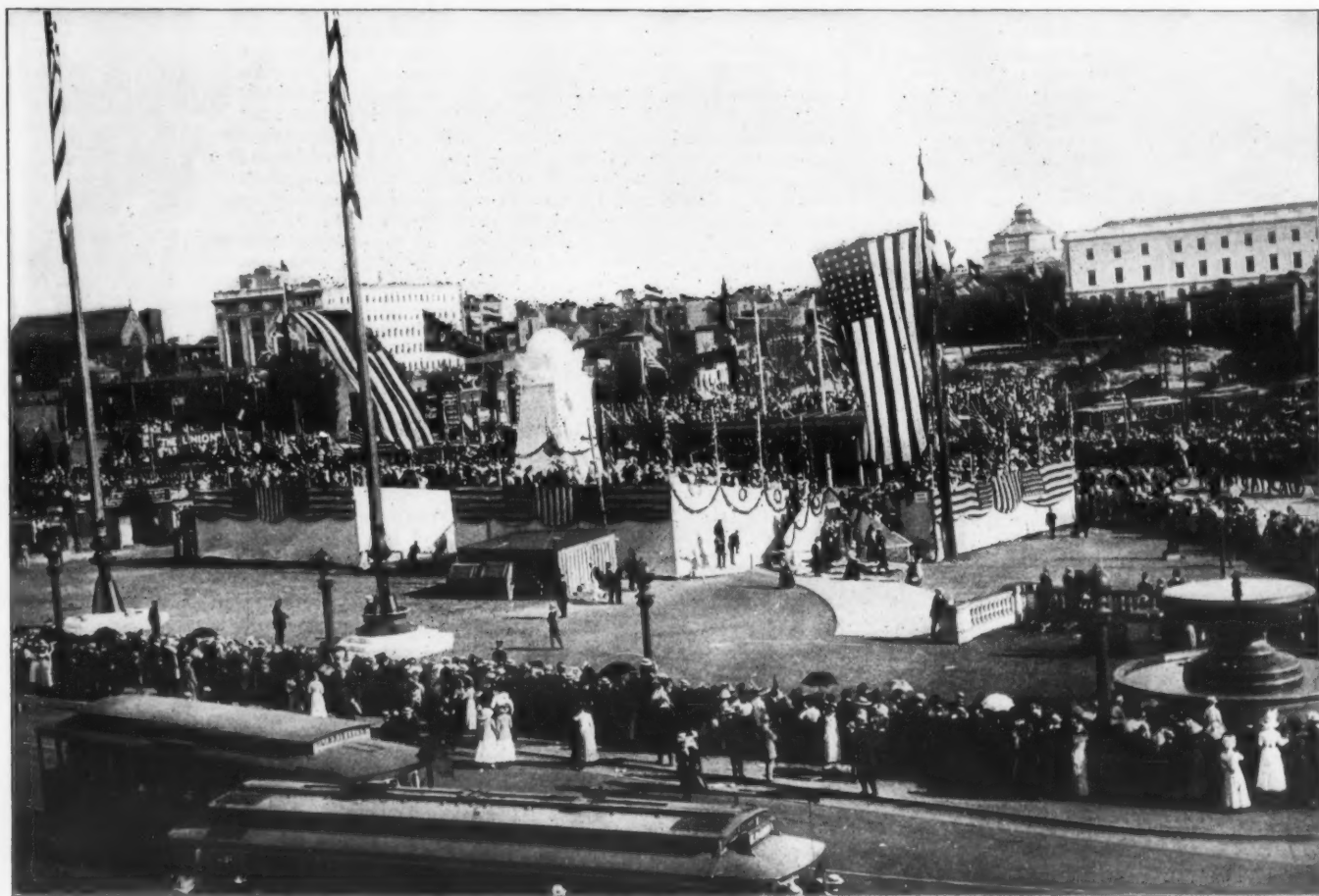
THE EVENING JOURNAL IS THE HOME PAPER



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The Republican National Committee in Session

Victor Rosewater of Nebraska, Chairman of the Committee, is standing behind the table. Senator W. E. Borah of Idaho and Frank B. Kellogg of Minnesota, leaders of the Progressive minority against which the "steam roller" was directed, are sitting at the extreme right of the second row. Senator Borah is round-faced and rugged, Mr. Kellogg is gray of hair but young of face. Senator W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, the soft-spoken Taft leader, is the second person from the left in the first row of seated persons



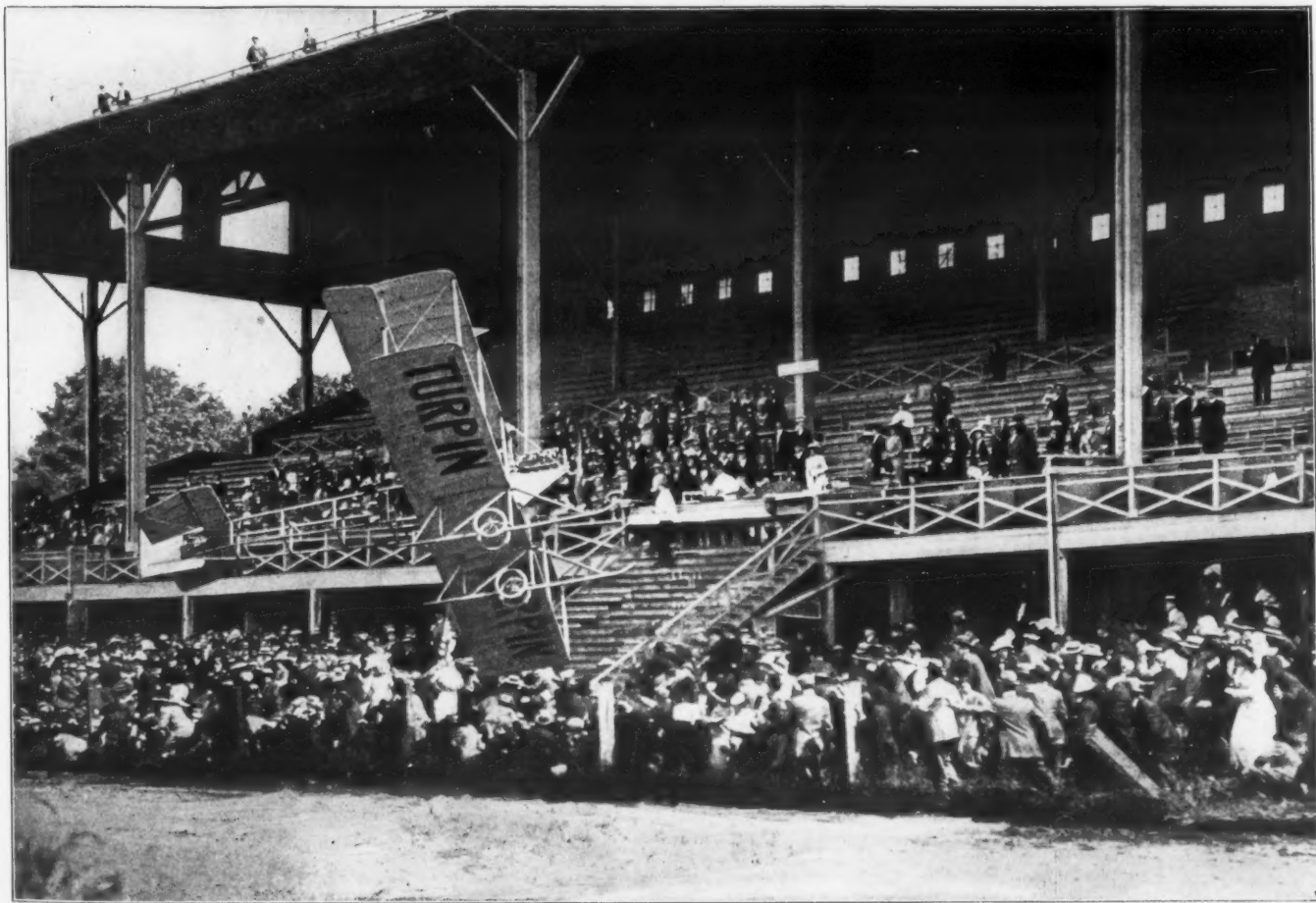
The Unveiling of the Columbus Memorial at Washington

A memorial to Christopher Columbus was unveiled at Washington on June 8. The ceremony was attended by a huge parade composed of detachments of soldiers and marines, and of members of the Order of Knights of Columbus, who came from all parts of the country for the unveiling. Congratulations were received from the Italian Government, and an address was delivered by the President of the United States. The Government paid \$100,000 for the statue, which was designed by D. H. Burnham and Lorado Taft



Prince Henry of Reuss with the German Fleet in New York Harbor

The German squadron entered New York Harbor on June 9 and anchored in the Hudson for a short friendly visit to the American people. The great battle cruiser Moltke, with the armament of a dreadnought and the speed of a Mauretania, was the flagship of the squadron. Prince Henry XXXVII of Reuss is seen standing on the gangway of the Moltke. The fleet was escorted into the harbor by the Louisiana, the Kansas, the New Hampshire, the South Carolina, and a destroyer flotilla. The visitors were entertained by the City of New York



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J. Clifford Turpin in the Flight Which Cost Three Lives

Turpin, a pioneer airman, while giving an exhibition at Seattle, Washington, May 30, lost control of his biplane and crashed into the crowd on the grand stand, killing two women and one man, and injuring a dozen others. Turpin had started on the flight when a man got in his way. The aviator turned the machine to one side and in doing so struck a small pole which caused the machine to make a half turn and dash right into the grand stand. This unusual photograph was taken at the moment of impact

A Touch of Nature

By HAROLD KELLOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY MAGINEL WRIGHT ENRIGHT

MRS. BIGGINS hurried through the streets of the little town at a pace that was half a run. Her haste was not caused by urgency or the nip of the bleak November day. Half a run was her habitual pace. She was the sort of woman who is perpetually in a hurry, as if she were making frantic and ineffectual efforts to catch up with life. She had married in a hurry and borne three children in a hurry, and her muddled housekeeping was a marvel of breakage and waste and hurry.

Her personal appearance paid tribute to this habit of unordered haste. She was wearing her best dress—a garment of cheap black broadcloth gone gray at the seams—but so far as fit was concerned it might have been made for anyone. Her black straw hat was askew, and on it two atrocious red roses bobbed precariously at divergent angles. The left side of her black pompadour had slipped its pins and fallen in a lank mass over her forehead, revealing part of an unsightly rat. Her untidiness made her absurd and pathetic. She was young without youthfulness. She appeared at once flabby and insufficiently nourished, and her face incongruously gave the appearance both of fleshiness and haggardness. But her great brown eyes were very kind. And she was carrying, with the tenderest solicitude, a six-months-old baby wrapped in a ragged gray shawl.

As she trotted on, Mrs. Biggins scanned with anxious eyes the houses she passed. And finally she paused, looked about her in bewilderment, and began to retrace her steps. In her haste she had overshot her destination.

SHE halted before the gate of a lanky house that evidently dated from that remarkable architectural period following the Civil War. The dwelling was painted a yellowish brown. A veranda too narrow for use and too ugly for ornament ran the length of the first floor, and the roof was topped with a square cupola which appeared to be a trifle out of plumb. It was a small house, but somehow it contrived to wear a grim, inhospitable air, as of a deserted castle. The shutters of the ground floor windows were closed.

Mrs. Biggins passed through the gate and trotted up a straight flagged walk, dividing a prim lawn, to the veranda. She paused, panting slightly, consulted a slip of paper and made futile efforts to repair the disorder of her hair. Then she pulled the bell, which gave forth a hollow clang. Her visit was for her a tremendous adventure. She was somewhat dismayed by its importance. "I do hope she'll be real nice," she said to herself.

Presently the door was half opened by a tall, bleak woman of indeterminate age. At a glance she was the sort of person to live in that sort of house. There was a striking similarity between them. They were equally lacking in adornment and curved lines and the hospitable quality of homeliness. They had the appearance of unloved survivals from an unhappier period. The woman wore a tight-fitting brown bodice and a brown skirt full in the back with a suggestion of a bustle, in the manner of the early nineties. Her face, with its thin, tightly closed lips, somehow bore a resemblance to the shuttered exterior of the house. Her skin was uniformly yellow, save for a slight reddish tinge at the tip of her long, straight nose. Her sparse brown hair was plastered down in front in tight-fitting "crimps" and gathered in a sort of doughnut twist at the back of her head. She was meticulously neat. Had Mrs. Biggins enjoyed the luxury of several maids she could never have attained to such neatness.

THE woman surveyed Mrs. Biggins inquiringly with cold gray eyes.

"Is this Miss Letitia Scarval?" panted the visitor.

"I am Miss Scarval. What do you want?"

The voice had a hard, metallic tone that appeared to unnerve Mrs. Biggins. She drooped before the stern-faced woman, who stood pitilessly tabulating the manifold items of her untidiness. But the baby, wide awake, was not abashed. His eyes, like monstrous violets, sur-



"It began with her havin' a little cold," said Mrs. Biggins, tremulously

veyed Miss Scarval with warm approval. Smiling, he reached one of his hands, which had come free of the blanket, toward a jet brooch at Miss Scarval's throat. "Gloo!" he said. Miss Scarval stepped back with an expression of disgust.

"I came about your sister Nettie—Mrs. Flice," said Mrs. Biggins, capturing the baby's hand.

MISS SCARVAL'S lips became thinner and tighter, and she made a gesture as if about to close the door.

"She was my sister once, but she took herself out of this family for good," she declared. "I don't care to hear about her or Flice. I suppose it's money they want."

Mrs. Biggins flushed slightly. "It ain't money they want—any more," she said slowly. "He's been dead over a year—and we buried her day before yesterday."

There was an awkward pause. "Come in," said Miss Scarval grimly.

She opened a door into a sepulchral chamber, raised the sash of one window, and pushed out the shutters. The light revealed a bleak interior. A sofa and several chairs covered with pale cretonne stood uncomplacably against the wall. A corner was occupied by a great black piano, behind which, framed in shabby gold, hung two tinted portraits of a severe-looking man and woman. The marble mantel bore an indeterminate stuffed bird in a glass case, and in the center of the room, on a bare marble-top table, stood a Rogers group, "Freeing the Slave." Mrs. Biggins sat gingerly on a chair, the back of which was adorned by a doily that caricatured Millet's "Angelus" in worsted. She was somewhat awed at the splendor of the place. The idea of a "best room," sacred from everyday usage, surpassed her most luxurious dreams.

"It began with her havin' a little cold," said Mrs. Biggins in a tremulous whisper. "It got worse of a sudden and she took to her bed. We done what we could, but she went off just like that. She'd never been herself since Flice hurt his head that time, and she had

to nurse him through his death sickness and take in washin' to keep a roof over their heads."

"He was a drunken beast," said Miss Scarval. "I couldn't understand Nettie taking up with him. Father broke the thing off and forbade him the house. And then she ran away with him. I think the shock killed her father. Ugh! Flice! A good-for-nothing, drunken wastrel!"

"I think he tried," said Mrs. Biggins. "But the lickin' was too much for him. He wasn't himself when he fell down and hurt his head."

"He was a disgrace," said Miss Scarval. "He cared about nothing but boozing."

"He was fond of Nettie," interposed Mrs. Biggins. "When he was himself you couldn't see a happier couple. She never spoke about havin' any folks. But when she was took sick and was out of her head like, she kept callin' 'Sister.' It was pitiful to hear her callin', always askin' forgiveness. The poor angel!"

MISS SCARVAL said nothing. "It wasn't till after the funeral we got a trace of you, Miss Scarval," pursued Mrs. Biggins. "We found this letter."

She produced a crumpled bit of paper. Miss Scarval took the note but did not read it. She remembered. It was just two lines. "I can do nothing for you. You have made your bed and you must lie on it." Nettie had written asking for help about the time Tom Flice hurt his head.

Mrs. Biggins produced a faded daguerreotype representing the stern-faced man in the portrait behind the piano.

"I thought you'd like that. It was the only decent thing she had left. Her rings went buryin' Flice."

"Was she still living in Norville?" asked Miss Scarval.

Mrs. Biggins nodded at the name of the wretched little hamlet.

"Just next door to me," she said. "I took to her from the first. She was such a sweet little thing, and a born

lady—you could see that. And neat—always wearin' her hands out scrubbin' and dustin'. She did too much for her stren'th."

The baby made a convulsive movement for freedom which Mrs. Biggins gently repressed. "Ickle sweetums!" she cooed, fondling him and kissing him on the forehead. "Wootsie, diddle dums."

Miss Scarval averted her face from this shameless inanity.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Biggins, "she did too much for her stren'th, specially when her man got hurt. And what with the baby comin', I 'most a-wondered—"

"The baby!" Miss Scarval's gasp was one of horrified surprise.

The baby, which was the real object of Mrs. Biggins' call, she had thus far refrained from mentioning. The first glance at Miss Scarval's countenance of granite had made her shy about the baby. And now that she had, with a sort of confused diplomacy, led up to him and spoken, she felt a vague relief.

"You don't mean to tell me there's a baby?" demanded Miss Scarval.

Mrs. Biggins shook the exhibit up and down illustratively. "Seven months come Thanksgivin'," she said. "And a little dear! Wasn't 'um, sweetums? I 'most like him better'n my own. With his mother's blue eyes and all."

MISS SCARVAL could not seem to take it in. She stared with panic-stricken eyes, as if she might bolt from the house.

"Tommy, see your auntie," cried Mrs. Biggins. "See! See!"

Then, as an afterthought: "Named for his poor daddy, so he was." She realized immediately that the allusion was unfortunate.

"I hate babies!" burst out Miss Scarval. "Men an' babies! What right had she to leave a baby to taken care of? It's beastly! A baby with Flice blo- in him who'll grow up a drunkard or worse."

Mrs. Biggins's mouth drooped open. "I—I though-

you—you—" Great tears began splashing down her flaccid cheeks.

"What?" asked Miss Scarval sharply.

"We'd love to keep him, John and me," sobbed Mrs. Biggins. "Goodness knows I can hardly bear to give him up—he's that sweet and good. But, my Land! What with three of our own already, we can scarcely keep along. We're bone poor, Miss Scarval. And I thought it would be better for Tommy if you—if you—"

MISS SCARVAL had risen and was pacing grimly about the room.

"Of course there's no reason why you should be burdened with the brat," she said.

"Perhaps if I could find Mr. Flice's folks—" began Mrs. Biggins.

"Tom Flice never had any folks," said Miss Scarval abruptly. "And if he did I wouldn't let them have my sister's child." She strode across the room and back. "I suppose it could be sent to an asylum."

Mrs. Biggins paused in a vain fumble for a handkerchief and emitted a painful "Oh!"

"Why should I suffer the consequences because my sister made a fool of herself?" snapped Miss Scarval defiantly.

Mrs. Biggins abandoned the idea of the handkerchief and wiped her eyes furtively on the baby's shawl.

"I guess we can keep him and scrape along somehow," she said. "After all, there ain't much difference between three and four."

Miss Scarval stopped and faced her.

"I know I've got to take him," she said in a hard voice. "It'll spoil my life for me and I'll be a fool for my pains, but I must do it. I'm not one to shirk my duty."

"If you'd like us to keep him for a while it would hardly be any trouble at all," said Mrs. Biggins apologetically. "You not bein' used to babies, I'm most a-wonder how you could get on anyway."

"You married women think no one else is fit to care for a baby," said Miss Scarval scornfully. "I guess I've got sense enough to do it. I'm not a fool. It only needs common sense."

"It's instinc'," said Mrs. Biggins awesomely. Her own three children, who were constantly suffering from untoward accidents or diseases, bore testimony to the efficacy of "instinc'."

"You don't need a hulking brute of a husband to give you that," said Miss Scarval. "Bring him up to my room."

SHE did not offer to carry the baby because of a feeling of uncertainty as to the correct method of holding one. And she did not wish to be humiliated before Mrs. Biggins.

Upstairs she made a gesture toward her formidable mahogany bed with its immaculate white counterpane. Mrs. Biggins hesitated. The counterpane made her blushing conscious of the soiled condition of the shawl and of the infantile rags generally. The baby had fallen asleep.

"I'm afraid for that lovely white 'pane," she said, looking at the sleeping infant. "It's a shame to make it messy."

"I expect he'll make a mess of the whole place," said Miss Scarval grimly. "He might as well begin."

Mrs. Biggins set the baby down gingerly. He seemed an incongruously tiny gray bundle in that white expanse. He lay on his back, breathing softly, a dimpled fist pressed under his chin.

"Poor little orphan mite!" said Mrs. Biggins. The tears began coursing down her cheeks again. "I feel's if I was leavin' one of my own."

She produced with an apologetic air a bundle wrapped in newspaper.

"Here's some things for him, Miss Scarval. They ain't new, but they're good and warm. My little Lucy wore 'em, and he might as well have 'em. We won't need 'em any more—leastways, I hope so. When he wakes up you give him a cup of warm milk—not hot—and some milk and stale bread crumbs when he goes to bed at supper time. I do hope he'll be real good."

She launched into a breathless, muddled exposition of the essentials of baby tending as she conceived it in the light of instinc' and triple experience. Miss Scarval listened, amazed at the intricate confusion of the problem. It was almost incredible that details of supervision so multitudinous should be exacted for a human item so inconsiderable. Miss Scarval was at first overcome by a painful certainty of inadequate resources. Single-handed, she could never hope to cope with such a task. She wondered how any human being with less than a half dozen mothers survived to maturity. But presently she saw that the problem was exaggerated by Mrs. Biggins's hopelessly jumbled explanations. The little woman was rambling on with a hasty untidiness of speech that mixed inextricably advice about feeding and eczema and underwear and teething. With the most earnest intentions of helpfulness, she was pouring forth a torrent of confusion.

Miss Scarval let the woman ramble. She ceased to listen. She considered bitterly what would be the consequences of the intrusion of this human mite into her life. Her father had been long a widower. Much older than her sister, she had assumed toward her the attitude of a mother. As a fact, she had acted the part of an unsympathetic stepmother. She and her stern father had established a tacit conspiracy of repression against the younger girl. Nettie had been youthful and gay and fond of admiration. The elder sister had considered it a stern duty to suppress these qualities. She raised such a barrier of restrictions against the reception of young men into the house that Nettie's admirers seldom ventured there a second time. They drifted away from her. In spite of her attractiveness she became gradually isolated from male society. And this isolation led to the success of Tom Flice when he came to woo.

MISS SCARVAL did not piece together the course of events in this fashion. No suspicion of blame in her own conduct crossed her mind. In her thoughts rancor and bitterness held sway. She was a solitary woman. She had few friends. Beyond some minor church activities, she had no social life. She cared for none. For the mass of women forever falling in love and marrying and bearing children and scrambling to follow the fashions and to please men, she had cultivated a fine scorn. She felt herself superior to them. Her life was narrow, but it sufficed. She was proud of its orderliness. She was proud of her solitariness and her spinsterhood and her freedom. And now Nettie's child had come to disrupt the peaceful order of her days. He would be growing up and smashing things and come tramping into the house with muddy boots, smelling like a stable, and probably he would smoke cigarettes and get drunk. Yes, assuredly, Flice's son would get drunk.

She glared down upon the tiny intruder with baleful eyes. She hated him, she told herself. He was the symbol of everything from which she had deliberately kept aloof. He was the child of the detested Flice—and she was to be a slave to him, just as Nettie had been a slave to Flice. The prospect was loathsome.

Mrs. Biggins noticed that her hostess's attention wandered. She remarked on the necessity of "going." Her eyes looked wistfully at the baby and at Miss Scarval, and she wandered back irrelevantly into some forgotten details of maternal care. Finally she got up, kissed the sleeping child yearningly, and, in a freshet of tears, prepared to depart.

At the door Miss Scarval produced a purse. "All this must have put you out of pocket," she said. "I wish you'd let me pay you."

MRS. BIGGINS, still gulping sobs, shook her head. Then she looked Miss Scarval square in the eye. "I don't want anything," she said. "If you'll just be good to Tommy—" She made a gesture to signify in that hope a sense of compensation. There was a certain dignity about her that caused Miss Scarval to flush slightly. The next minute Mrs. Biggins trotted off, her two roses bobbing awkwardly.

Miss Scarval returned to the bedroom and surveyed the sleeping child malignantly. He was a marvel of pink softness and dimples. His cheeks, faintly flushed with sleep, suggested pink rose petals. He had kicked off one of his stockings, and his tiny toes, like fairy mice, peeped out of the shawl coverlet. But with him, as with all babies, the most eloquent feature was his hands. Few women could have resisted the temptation to kiss the dimpled fist doubled under his chin. Each dimple in it seemed the physical expression of a kiss. But if Miss Scarval felt any softening raptures stealing over her, her stern countenance belied them. She flipped the shawl over the exposed foot with a businesslike motion, and then spilled out the contents of Mrs. Biggins's bundle on an armchair.

PICKING up the diminutive articles of apparel one by one, Miss Scarval sniffed at them disdainfully. Their cleanliness was unimpeachable. But for a creature so comparatively new they were absurdly old. They looked as if they had been utilized for several generations of babies. "All rags and darns," was Miss Scarval's comment. She felt resentfully that the baby had come to her practically naked. With a gesture of disgust she flung the hoarded garments into a wastebasket.

Again she glanced at the child, who still slept peacefully. She was not, however, the sort of woman to

stand idly reproaching fate for the intruder. She was systematic and efficient, and she had work to do. She must immediately get the child decent clothing. Mrs. Biggins had said he would sleep for an hour. There was time.

She snatched her hat and jabbed it on viciously with two pins. The errand was distasteful. She knew she would cut a ridiculous figure buying baby clothes. She was not the sort of woman who would buy baby clothes. In grim anticipation she saw the astonished, smirking faces of clerks and shopkeepers. She left the house with a firm step, her chin in the air, a promontory of defiance to counterjumpers.

AS SHE stood uncertainly just within an entrance of the only department store in the town, an urbane floorwalker, bald and portly, accosted her deferentially.

"Baby clothes!" she snapped.

"Yes, madam. Third aisle to the left, rear."

He gazed after her with a quizzical smile.

"I want clothes for a six-months-old baby—a male," she said to the clerk in haughty tones.

"What?" asked the saleswoman with insulting incredulity.

Miss Scarval repeated her request more sternly and evoked a giggle. The order was a novelty in the saleswoman's experience. She surveyed the flat-breasted spinster with unconcealed curiosity while she explained that for infants of six months the clothing manufacturers did not differentiate in the matter of sex. Miss Scarval bit her lips at the humiliation, and her original resentment at Tommy flared up again. She wanted to walk proudly out of the store, to report the girl to the manager—but she did not dare. She was at the hussy's mercy.

"Is he large for his age, ma'am?" asked the woman.

"Medium."

"What articles do you wish?"

"Everything."

She felt a sense of inadequacy. The girl deftly produced a dazzling confusion of lilliputian habiliments, and discoursed glibly on bibs and mittens and different varieties of underclothing. She dangled before Miss Scarval's eyes an undershirt that might have been made for a doll. And suddenly the problem of dressing and undressing Tommy, hitherto only a vague trouble, loomed large and concrete before the spinster. Surely a mysterious skill, as well as maternal patience, would be required to envelop a wriggling infant in such a diminutive covering without breaking him.

"Shall I send them?" asked the girl.

Miss Scarval had purposed to have the articles sent, save those intended for immediate use. But as soon as the girl spoke she realized that she dared not have them sent. The telltale "Miss" in her name was the stumblingblock. The girl might think unutterable things.

"I'll take them," said Miss Scarval.

"It will be a large package," suggested the girl.

"Wrap them up for me."

THERE was still a crib to buy and some blankets, which could not be carried. But these were in other departments where the clerks were of the less observant male sex. Presently, with a sigh of relief, she emerged from the store with her bulky bundle. But on the street she hesitated, and, moved by an unaccountable impulse, returned and ordered some warm blankets sent to Mrs. Biggins. A book store was her next objective. Here she felt even more ill at ease, for she never purchased books.

"Novels?" asked the clerk. Many of his customers were old maids who wallowed in thrills and sentiment. "I can recommend 'All for Love,' by Marjorie Crimble."

"I want a baby book."

"Ah, yes. Something with pictures. How old is the child?"

"A book on bringing up babies," said Miss Scarval desperately.

An acquaintance who saw her emerge from the shop a few minutes later stopped in astonishment. "My Land! You're never buyin' books, Miss Scarval?"



"Humph!" ejaculated Miss Scarval, haughtily



He clawed gently at her gnarled fingers

(Concluded on page 30)

Over the Edge



CAPTAIN VAN HORN, up on his little bridge, had just taken hold of the handle to the engine-room bell, ready to reverse and cast off from the rickety little lumber wharf at Labuan, when his Malay first officer, with a grunt, nodded toward the open sea across the point.

There was nothing at all in sight where the mate pointed; but when Van Horn had fetched a binocular, he could make out a dirty little rag of smoke just above the southern horizon. The *Darvel* was coming in sure enough. The captain swore in a soulful, injured sort of way. Why couldn't the *Darvel* have got in on her schedule time—three days ago? Or else been late enough to let the *Sarah Bird* get away? The delay would be just enough to cost him an evening with Phillips at Gilchrist Bay.

The *Sarah Bird* was a little hundred-ton cargo boat, and Captain Van Horn was her owner, master, chief engineer, and purser. Don't cite me Board of Trade regulations to the contrary. I have sailed with Captain Van Horn myself, and I can assure you he cares no more about the Board of Trade than I do—and not half as much as the chairman of the Board of Directors of the Hamburg-American Line. He didn't care much about the *Darvel* either, though her smudge of smoke was getting plainer every minute over the horizon.

So, after glaring at it for a minute or two, he caught hold of the bell pull again, gave three bells to the assistant engineer, and, with a nod, instructed his mate to cast off. As soon as he had seen the *Sarah Bird* safely clear of the wharf, he went into his cabin, and, after a long search through his sea chest, reappeared on deck with a handful of bunting. It took him and his crop-headed Dyak quartermaster some time to get the signal arranged satisfactorily on the halyard. But when they met the *Darvel* in the Channel, the *Sarah Bird* was announcing as clearly as a man-of-war's man that she would send a boat alongside for her mails.

While the *Sarah Bird* was keeping bare steerageway in the Channel, and the dinghy, under the propulsion of a pair of sawed-off oars, was making her way to the *Darvel's* side, Captain Van Horn lighted up a Filipino cigar, leaned his elbows on the rail, and indulged in idle speculation as to what the mails would contain.

HE KNEW the west coast of Borneo so well and all its inhabitants—meaning to say its white inhabitants—that he could call over a pretty good percentage of the *Sarah Bird's* mails in advance. This was February. Well, Willis at Georgetown would get his quarterly remittance, and Georgetown would be mildly lively for a few days in consequence. And those photographic supplies that Bruce had been waiting for so long were almost sure to be here at last. Bruce had been expecting them by the last three steamers. Also it was possible, though not very likely, he thought, that Mrs. Roberts would get her new hat.

The captain went on adding to the list in his leisurely way, trying to pretend to an indifference that he was very far from feeling. In order to keep up the pretense, he put off speculating about what Phillips would get. And yet that was in the back of his mind all the time. Poor Phillips!

Oh, there'd be that regular bundle of letters with their suburban London postmark, all addressed in the same straight up and down angular hand. They came exactly as regularly as the mails themselves. A year ago Phillips used to grab that bundle of letters like a small boy getting a slice of bread and jam; used to read them a little at a time in nibbles and glimpses to make them last longer. Well, the old eagerness was still there, but there was something else now—had been the last two or three times the *Sarah Bird* had gone to Gilchrist Bay. A sort of terror. Van Horn understood it well enough. Oh, altogether too well.

Phillips wasn't the sort of man to come out to the Eastern Tropics. A charming, eager, mercurial young chap, who could burn up under the forced draft of enthusiasm enough energy in a week to last a man six months out here. But he couldn't stand the grind, the loneliness, the steady erosion of delays and minor disappointments—the never-slacking strain on the traces that a man must settle himself to in this part of the world if he is going to pull his load.

He hadn't had a fair start, of course. He'd been badly cheated to begin with. The five thousand pounds he'd scraped together and paid out for his five-thousand-acre

concession on Gilchrist Bay was easily five times too much for what he'd got. Shucks! He could have had it for nothing if he'd known the way things were done out here.

Young Phillips had come out with his fortune already made. There was only the jungle—only the jungle!—to be cleared and the rubber trees set out. And then, in five years—five?—four—three!—you could begin making your little diagonal incisions in the bark and the latex would begin to flow, and you caught it in little tin cups and curdled it and ran it through a mangle and smoked it, and there you were. You had raw rubber worth—What wouldn't it be worth in five years? Well, be conservative; say a shilling a pound. And five thousand acres!—why, it was a fortune. There were the figures. You couldn't get away from them. Look at what Bruce was doing to-day!—Bruce with his two hundred acres in bearing trees—shipping two hundred pounds' worth of rubber every week.

THE pathos of it was not in the fact that poor Phillips didn't know any more about the jungle than any other cockney, that he didn't know the Malay, nor the Dyak, nor any other Eastern person—that he didn't know a word of their language; that he didn't know a rubber tree from a coconut palm, till Bruce took him in and showed him the difference. Bruce hadn't known any more than that himself twenty years ago. The pathos of it was that Phillips was Phillips. The strong, solid patience that had enabled Bruce to last twenty years, that had kept him white for twenty years, that had enabled him to treat disappointments and delays as part of the game for twenty years, wasn't even in the range of Phillips's comprehension.

He wasn't a fool or a coward. If he'd been either one or the other, he wouldn't have lasted till now. Van Horn could remember, as if it had been only last week, how he and the *Sarah Bird* took Phillips into Gilchrist Bay for the first time—how the young fellow's face had whitened a little and his lips pressed together, when he took his first long look at the thing he had paid his five thousand pounds for. He remembered how they had landed on the little strip of white beach, how Phillips had suggested that they take a walk around his concession, or what he conceived to be his concession—it had never been surveyed—and get a general idea of what it was like. A walk around it indeed!

THE jungle came clear to the edge of the beach, so solidly impenetrable that you couldn't take even one step into it until you had earned that step with a bolo or an ax. It was a lesson and a pretty bitter one that the young man learned in that first look.

"We won't waste time walking around," he said with a laugh that he managed to make fairly steady. "We'll get my coolies ashore as quickly as we can and hack out some sort of shelter."

"You want to find water first," Van Horn had warned him.

And at that young Phillips laughed again. "I hadn't thought of water," he admitted. And then, after a minute's silence: "I may be a fool, but I'm going to see this thing through."

It was the talk of the coast what that youngster did in the first six months. Every time the *Sarah Bird* came into the bay with fresh supplies for him and his little packet of let-

ters with their suburban London postmark, the hole in the jungle was bigger, the burnt-over acres, where the rubber trees were to be some day, were better trenched and

drained. If the battle had been the sort that any man could have won in six months, Phillips would have won it. An enemy that could be daunted by a bold front, that could be stampeded, routed by a furious first attack, as most enemies can be, would have stood no chance before him. But you can't stampede the jungle. It gives back before your onslaught exactly in proportion to the force of your attack. The moment you stop to rest and step back for a self-congratulatory look at the wonders you have wrought, it begins, inexorably, creeping up on you again. It will do it the ninety-ninth time exactly as it did the first. It began getting on Phillips's nerves, stealing into his dreams.

"I'm getting used to it now," he confided to Van Horn on the occasion of one of the *Sarah Bird's* visits. "It's a dream about a big sheet of white paper with me in the middle of it. I suppose I'm a fly or something, only I can't get off the paper. And then the glue comes—I suppose it's glue. It's thick and most awfully sticky. I know, though it's never touched me. If it did, of course that would be the end of me. And it smells like the very devil. Well, I've got a sort of big paper knife and I scrape the glue back with it, but as fast as I scrape on one side it keeps coming back on the other—a little faster really, because the clear space round me keeps getting smaller all the time, and I scrape faster and faster, and then just as it's about to touch me, I scream and wake myself up."

Van Horn nodded thoughtfully over that.

"What do you do then?" he asked presently.

Phillips took his time about answering, too. "Oh, I get up and wipe the sweat off myself and go back to bed."

"And dream the same thing over again?" asked Van Horn.

Phillips assented, and laughed as he did so without meaning to.

"What do you do when you wake up that time?" Van Horn persisted.

"You old tyrant!" the young man cried, with another laugh that you'd hardly have known for a laugh at all: "you know what I do. I get up and take a big drink of raw gin and then go back to bed and sleep like a baby all night. Go ahead with your lecture. I saw it all in your eye when you watched them bringing that last case ashore."



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By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS

But Van Horn didn't begin his lecture. He only asked casually:

"And you want another case for the next trip?"

Phillips nodded. "Oh, I don't use it all myself," he said impatiently. "The coolies are always coming around with the stomach ache. They get the most of it."

Van Horn was perfectly sure Phillips was lying when he said that and this worried him more than the confession had done. But it wouldn't do to let the young man know he knew it was a lie.

"That was a rotten dinner you gave me to-night," he commented. "You'd better fire your cook and let me bring you a good one. A decent dinner would be better to drive away your dreams than gin. I swear I'll make you come out to the *Sarah* next time."

"There's no telling what might happen if I went aboard the *Sarah*," said Phillips. "Oh, don't look so serious! I don't mean it. I'm not going to bolt."

"Who said anything about bolting?" Van Horn's voice had a rasp. "You've done wonders here, boy," he went on gently. "The only trouble is you've done too much. You've gone too fast. Take it slower—easier."

"Slower," repeated Phillips.

VAN HORN had remembered that evening ever since, because it really marked a milestone. There were other milestones since, and they were all in the same direction. One of them was the first time he'd ever seen Phillips strike a man in anger. Of course, you have to lick your coolies sometimes. The little rattan you carry around is the only law you've got. But you're supposed to do it kindly, justly, deliberately—the way you lick your setter pup when he chews up one of your slippers. For the good of his soul.

Phillips had lashed out venomously at his house boy for letting a little water slop out of the heavy bucket he was carrying over his master's boots. It wasn't three months after that that the arrival of the *Sarah Bird* in Gilchrist Bay put an end to what looked like the beginning of a very ugly mutiny, though Phillips himself had minimized it.

The last milestone of all had been a slim little letter Phillips had given him along with the big thick one to the girl in the London suburb. The thin letter was addressed to a firm of brokers in Singapore. Quite deliberately, under Phillips's eyes, Van Horn read the address.

"It's none of my business," he began, "but I'll take the chance that you and I have got beyond that. Don't I know what's in this letter?"

"Very likely you do," said Phillips. "There's a check against my account in the Chartered Bank of India for

"Look at the other letter," said Phillips. "That and the others you've been carrying away from here for me are all she's had of me for three years. If I mean as much to her as I hope I do, then it's mighty little. You remember telling me once I was going too fast—I ought to take things slower—easier?"

"It was gospel truth," said Van Horn. "If you'd done it, you'd have been going faster now."

PHILLIPS nodded. "I expect you're right," he said. "Well, is there any prospect of the job being finished? Will another three years do it? Or the two hundred pounds I've got left? Will they make this a possible place to bring a woman to? Oh, I don't want you to answer! I'm going to buy all I can with my two hundred pounds on the narrowest margin they'll trade on. And when it goes up I'm going to buy more. I'm going to keep it up till I've got back the five thousand I put into this hole. When I've got my five thousand—" Phillips broke off with a short laugh—"I'll listen to your lecture on the evils of speculation."

For a while it looked as if Phillips had been right about it. Certainly the way West Highlands soared was enough to turn anybody's head. Phillips's two hundred pounds, spread out over as thin a margin as the brokers would allow, doubled and doubled again, and doubled once more.

Van Horn suspected that he was making money even faster than the barometric readings on West Highlands would indicate. He didn't talk much any more about his own affairs. The captain always sailed from Gilchrist Bay with a feeling that the man had been fencing with him—hiding something. The only real clew he had had in months was in a remark Phillips made one night when,

regular Bank of England. But it takes a wildcat to climb, old man, to really climb right up to the top branch of the rubber tree."

Well, it didn't matter much what happened to Phillips's bank account, the captain reflected ruefully. Because what was happening to Phillips was a dead certainty. The captain hadn't lived twenty years in the Eastern Tropics for nothing. He knew every step of the road. He'd seen dozens of good men go. Phillips was going down hill a little faster than most of them; that was all. He wasn't deceived for a minute when he met him one day, with a bright eye and a good color, and told him he'd quit drinking. He didn't need the news of the capture of an opium smuggler in Gilchrist Bay a fortnight later to tell him what had taken the place of alcohol.

There were three possible endings to the road. One was the hospital, where the doctors always politely called it abscess of the liver, for the benefit of anybody at home who might be interested. One was a shot out of a man's own revolver, and the third was a backhanded slash from behind by some native *parang*. They came to pretty much the same thing.

THE only possible chance for stopping him was thwarted by the success of his speculations. As long as Phillips went on making money no human power could do anything for him. If he were to go broke—completely broke—Van Horn laughed at himself for entertaining hopes even then. Brands aren't often plucked from the burning in that particular part of the low latitudes. One watches the bonfire with an honest regret that is just as honestly tempered by a gratitude to Providence that there should be something interesting to talk about.

I have taken rather longer over the captain's reflections and reminiscences than he took himself as he stood at the rail smoking his Filipino cigar and waiting for the reappearance round the counter of the *Darvel* of the boat he had sent to get her mails. But, indeed, the boat was a long time coming. It shouldn't have taken as long as that to pass half a dozen slim sacks over the *Darvel's* side. He wished he'd gone in the boat himself. What on earth could they be waiting for?

When the *Darvel* got under way again and his own boat appeared exactly in the spot where he had been looking for it, Van Horn rubbed his eyes and, for the second time that morning, went into the cabin and got his glass. Yes, by George, there was no mistake about it! There in the stern sheets, her white dress and helmet outlined as sharply as possible against the dark sarong of the cockswain who squatted behind her, sat a woman. The sight of a hippogriff couldn't have been much more of a surprise. And Van Horn puzzled his brains ineffectually for about five minutes, trying to figure out who she could be and where she could be going.

Then he got a new puzzle. As the boat drew nearer, and the sharp focus of his glass brought out her features, he discovered he knew her. The face was one he'd seen somewhere. He'd have sworn to it. And yet he couldn't place it at all. She hadn't much luggage—a little leather trunk and a hand bag, which meant that she was either very permanent or very transitory. Well, he'd soon know which.

THE boat came alongside. Van Horn hurried down the companion to the main deck and met her just as she stepped aboard. Yes, certainly he knew her. But equally certainly she didn't know him.

"I'd like to speak to Captain Van Horn," she said.

Well, he didn't look much like a captain, that was true.

"I'm the captain," he said.

"I'm Alice Trelawney," she told him. "I want to go to Gilchrist Bay."

Well, it was no wonder he knew her. That big photograph in the silver frame that used to stand on Phillips's desk—he hadn't seen it very lately, but he couldn't have forgotten it. And she wanted to go to Gilchrist Bay. Lord, save us! What was he going to do with her? He cast a wild look astern after the *Darvel*. The *Darvel* had already rounded the Point.

"What's the matter?" asked the girl quickly. "Aren't you going there? They told me—"

"Yes, it's all right. It's quite right," Van Horn stammered. "Yes, of course, I always go there."

He turned away quickly, for her eyes were beginning to ask questions. "*Ba'lah*," he shouted to the mate who had remained on the bridge. "*Jalan*."

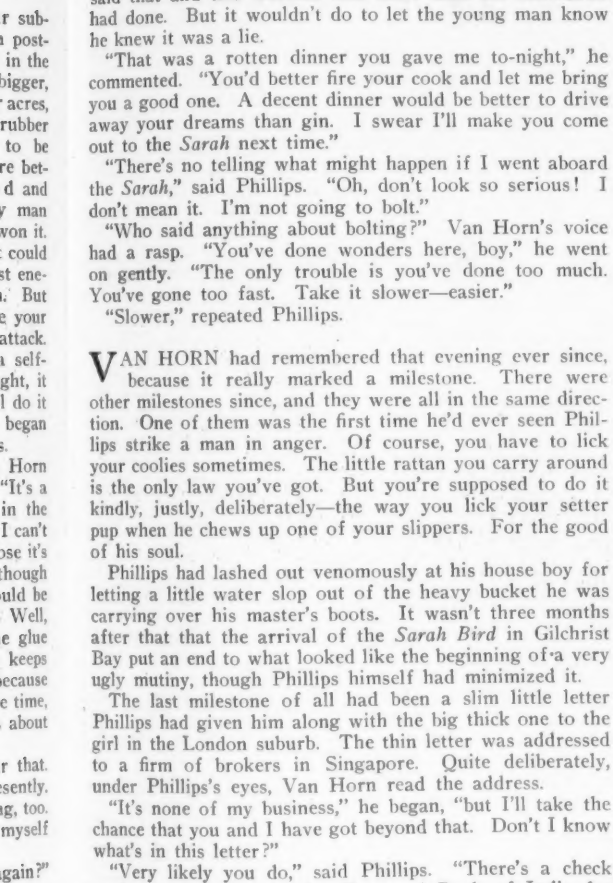
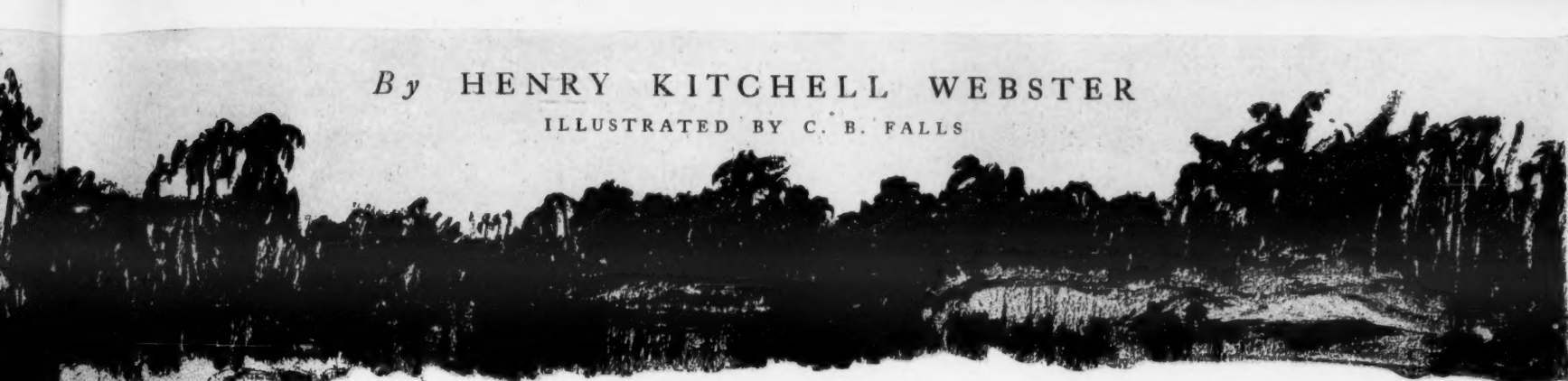
The clang of the engine-room bell and the throb of the screw seemed to ease the tension of her body a little.

"Have you got a cabin for me?" she asked.

"I think we can make you comfortable," he told her.

He figured on a clear half hour, while she was stowing

(Continued on page 27)



She screamed again when he raised the revolver and leveled it

two hundred pounds—which is about all I've got left—and an order to those brokers to buy West Highlands Rubber shares with it."

"I suppose," said Van Horn, "there's no use my calling names?"

"Not a bit."

"I should think," said Van Horn, "that a man who speculated at the end of a telegraph wire took chances enough, but a man who is anywhere from four days to two weeks away from telegraphic communication of any sort might as well throw his money into the sea."

in a wild, drunken fashion, he had been deriding the captain for his prosy plodding existence on the *Sarah Bird*.

"Take her to Singapore," he said, "and turn her into rubber shares. If you'd done that a month ago—why, man, if you'd bought F. M. S. Consolidated a month ago, you could buy back a steam yacht and be rich besides."

"That's the wildest wildcat of the lot, and you know it," said Van Horn. "As long as you're sticking to West Highlands yourself, I don't see why you advise me to—"

"Oh, yes, I'm sticking to West Highlands," said Phillips thickly. He really was very drunk that night. "I'm a

another at all; pink of all baby all our eye ore."



North America vs. South

An Outing in Five Innings

By one of the survivors

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Illustrations by an eyewitness to the catastrophe, C. J. Post



SOMEWHERE in the last century there penetrated to the fair tropical city of Los Anonymous an American whose nature craved excitement. Bull fights bored him. Street riots enervated his soul. The only remaining national pastime, the pink swizzle (with just a dash of rum and not too much sugar), palled after a time. So he sought surcease from ennui by teaching the natives the king sport of "los Yanquis." With a baseball which he had brought in his trunk, a choice selection of bats culled from saiba saplings, and an unabridged assortment of the more emphatic baseball terminology, instructed he them. Later he sent to New York for the occult implements of the trade, but they bumped into trouble at the frontier. An enlightened government confiscated the umpire's pad under the impression that it was a diving suit designed for the use of the Margarita Island pearl poachers; the padded gloves were solicitously probed with machetes for explosives or other munitions of war; and the comandante of the port baited the catcher's mask with cheese for three weeks before he was finally convinced that it wouldn't catch a mouse. Other shipments followed; the style of outfitting appealed to the ornate Spanish-American taste, and by the time the importer of the game had departed (one ship in advance of extradition papers), the madness was upon the people and another nation had been added to the Empire of Fandom.

NEARLY a generation later seven Americans sat in the shady recesses of the Hotel Klindt watching the thermometer practice for the high jump in the Olympic games and waiting for something to break out besides prickly heat. It was such a group as the chance eddies of life sometimes sweep into a backwater and hold there for an indeterminate time before dispersing them upon the high seas of adventure. There was a Professor of Economics who in his spare moments built railroads between cities that nobody ever came from and towns that nobody ever went to; a portrait painter with a passion for exploration who had been living on spider monkeys three months' journey from the end of the nearest of said railroads, and had come back to paint the Minister of War (it was such a speaking likeness that the artist escaped from the country only by the happy chance of the cavalry being drunk on the day when it was delivered); a casual resident who collected and sold bolas to the Associated Press (a bola is a sort of soft-boiled rumor which turns out to be untrue after it's in print); a liver-yellow diplomat in a rose-pink shirt; a Soldier of Misfortune who was interminably seeking the bubble, Intoxication, even at the bottle's mouth; the inventor of a noiseless rifle, which got him arrested for breach of the peace whenever he tested it within a mile of the city limits; and the present reporter. Looking up from his congenial

occupation of whirling a conformed stick in a mixture of gin, ice, and bitters, the Soldier of Misfortune exhibited his first sign of animation for seven weeks.

"What ho! The circus is upon us," said he. Before the main entrance pranced a milk-white mule in silver trappings. Upon its back sat a hidalgo in a buff suit, girl with a scarlet sash. He carried a green silk sunshade with address and grace. A cigarette tilted downward from beneath his mustache, and in his button-hole was a seal-brown prodigy of an orchid. Throwing his braided bridle carelessly to an obsequious muchacho (an act which I had always supposed was performed only in yellow-backed novels), he walked straight to our group, bowed profoundly, and addressed us in mellifluous Spanish. At his first pause for breath the diplomat turned an astounded countenance upon his companions.

"Well, if this isn't the unlimited climax!" he said. "This saddle-colored hand-me-down from the sixteenth century wants to know whether we know anything about a game called baseball."

The portrait painter recovered first. "Tell him," he said, "that my kindergarten was the Polo Ground bleachers."

"As a catcher," remarked the Associated Press modestly, "I am the original Man in the Iron Mask."

"Why conceal the truth?" I pleaded. "Let's be fair and let him know at once that we're the Philadelphia Athletics on vacation."

"Wait. Let me speak," broke in the Professor. With a magnificent bow, and in his best Spanish of Broadway-atte-Thirty-third-Street, he thus addressed the gentleman behind the orchid:

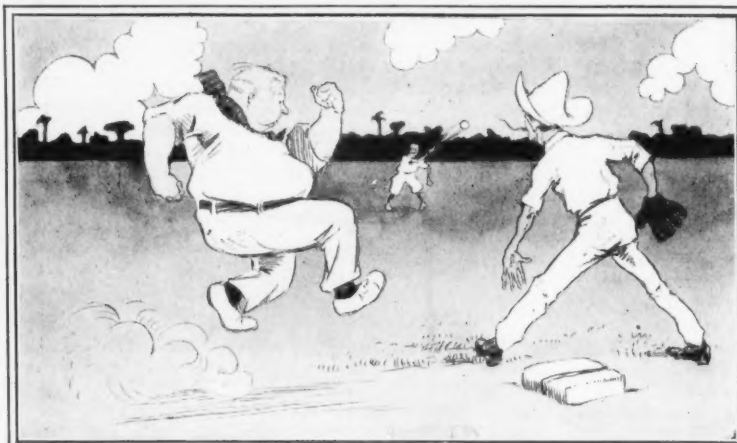
"Señor. We are Americanos. El baseball—it is us!"

IMMEDIATELY our visitor burst into fluent and rotund oratory. He had the skyscraping distinction to be, he explained, the captain and duly accredited emissary of the San Mosquito baseball nine, and we would confer undying honor, laus, and glory upon every member of that humble organization, and all their families for fifteen generations in both directions, if we would condescend to meet and defeat them upon the diamond at such a date as best might suit us. Would we? We would! Viva voce, vox populi, and e pluribus unum, we would! The hidalgo, after a solemn dip into

the Soldier's pet beverage, departed obsequiously, leaving us pledged to a parlous undertaking.

"Now," said the inventor, "we've got to beat this bunch for the honor of the Stars and Stripes. I haven't tossed a ball for three months, but last year I pitched for the Montreals of the International League." A howl went up, and when it had died down Mr. Dove was unanimously declared captain, and the meeting sat down to a consideration of ways and means.

Seven men, however willing in spirit, cannot make up a baseball nine. Acting as committee of the whole, we canvassed the entire nation, and made up a roster of twenty Americans, or near-Americans. Of these, three were chasing fairy gold over the



I landed on a straight one and fled for first base

"Inform him," said the inventor, "that the first spiral staircase was built after the design of my fast curve."

"For myself," contributed the Soldier of Misfortune, "I can only state that every time I swing a bat they have to give the ball hydraulic treatment to coax it back into shape."

ranges, and, owing to deficiencies in the R. F. D. system, didn't get their notices until two months after the game was over; one was punching cattle five hundred miles away as the mule hikes; and another was down in the low country fighting malaria and three local doctors, who all wanted to bleed him at the same time. Hope ran high upon rumor of a colored gentleman who had once played first base for the Porto Rico team. But the local authorities of Los Anonymous, while ready, in the interests of sportsmanship, to parole him from jail for the game, cautiously prescribed that he should retain his ball and chain, which, we finally decided, would be too heavy a handicap. Other candidates were weeded out by physical disabilities sustained in daily practice, until on the fateful day our captain, by the process of subtracting the list of dead and injured from the survival of the fittest, had achieved the following result:

CATCHER: PHIPPS—Casual resident and Associated Press correspondent. Hadn't caught a ball for seven years, and then by accident.

First Base: BEERS—Fledgling diplomat. Princeton, '99. Claimed to have had experience in the position. Afterward confessed it was glee club, not ball team.

Second Base: THE WRITER—Hamilton, '91. That's all.

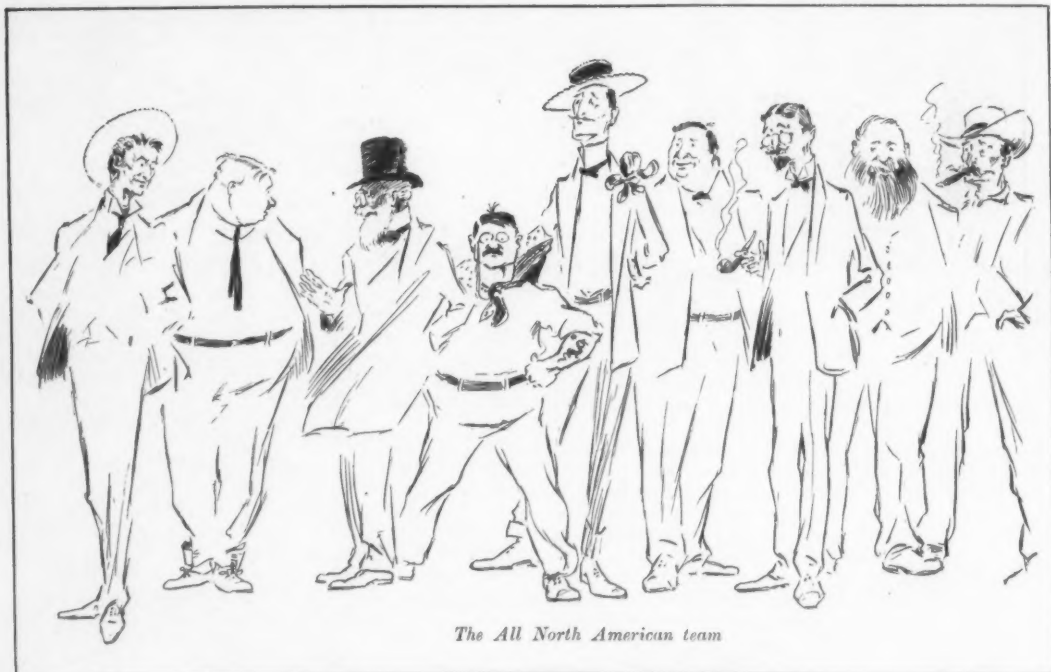
Pitcher: DOVE—Inventor. Norwich Academy, '06. Montreal professional nine. Our captain and mainstay.

Center Field: LAKE—The Rev. Dr. —, Missionary. Hamilton, '61. Used to play "Anthony — over" in Oneida County before the war.

Shortstop: PILLAR—Portrait painter. C. C., N. Y., '95. Once batted a ball over the fence (golf).

Third Base: MYERS—Soldier of Misfortune, and strictly on the job.

Left Field: BUDGE—Late of Budgeville, California. Concession holder. Mild, self-effacing manners, and thick, self-effacing whiskers. Believed that a man who had held a concession through four revolutions would be able to hold a ball. (Mistaken.)



The All North American team

Right Field: CLARE—Economist and railroad builder. *New York University, vintage unrevealed. Approaching fifty, though with caution. Petitioned umpire (in vain) to be allowed to bat with a plank.* Official Rooter and Scarer: THOMAS—British Secretary of Legation, ex-cricketer and mathematical sharp. Colors—Black and blue. Slogan—Help! Help! Emblem—The Stars and Stripes surmounted by the Red Cross.

The San Mosquito team was a strictly family party, dating from their captain, our challenger. This was a great convenience to our scorer, who brought in the roster, explaining that, as no chap could possibly spell 'em, he'd reduced them to their lowest genealogical terms, as follows:

PITCHER and Captain—Señor Don Miguel Orinoco *Malaria Vainilla y Cream.*

Catcher—His Brother.

First Base—His Second Cousin.

Second Base—His Third Cousin.

Third Base—His First Cousin.

Shortstop—His Tall Cousin.

Right Field—His Left-handed Cousin.

Left Field—His Right-handed Cousin.

Center Field—His Brother-in-law.

Something like ninety-five degrees of heat was beating down upon the field when our devoted band, festal in white ducks, blue shirts, and bandanna belts, marched, pale but collected, out upon the San Mosquito Club's beautiful little field while two thousand of the city's bravest and loveliest (averaging several shades beyond brunette) rose up and rent the air with their bravos. It had been agreed, in the interests of the local mortality rate (which was abnormally light that year, anyway), that the game should go only five innings.

The umpire, a dark, fair man, as the late O. Henry might justly have said, tossed up a bolivar, and the Captain and the Challenger led his nepotic collection of blue-bloods to the bat while the Americans, suffering tortures of stage fright, but determined to die as brave men should, dispersed to what we conceived to be our several positions. Our Captain stepped into the pitcher's box and surveyed us with a disparaging eye.

"You look like a delegation from the Chambermaids' Union just after a mouse has come into the room," he observed dispassionately. "Myers, take your hands out of your pockets, and remember while there's life there's hope. Adams, that base ain't there for a shelter. Get into the open. Hey, Clare, chase that cow out of right field. She can't help you any. Dr. Lake, you'd better leave your silk hat under a tree, where nothing will happen to it. Beers, you can't wear that glove on both hands. Take a chance with your left. Pillar, what have you got under your shirt to make you so pigeon-breasted?"

"Nothing?" said the painter sullenly.

"Then you must have a pneumatic heart. If you've got to pray, Budge, pray between innings. Now, then, all ready?"

There were faint murmurs of response, indicating a resigned acquiescence in fate, and the trouble began.

First Inning—Captain Don Miguel, etcetera, stepped forward. He bowed to the crowd. He bowed to the umpire. He bowed to the opposing captain. (Applause and cheers.) He then struck out. His brother, the catcher, took his place. He bowed to the crowd; likewise to the umpire and to our captain; and he struck out. Dove began to perspire in a pained and puzzled fashion.

"Say," he demanded of the umpire, "is this a ball game or a minuett? Put me wise to the rules." "Play-a bow-ull!" said the umpire. The San Mosquito first baseman (Second Cousin) marched nobly to the plate and went out on three "bows" and three strikes. The American team broke for the bench, trying not to look like reprieved murderers. No runs.

Phipps to the bat, wearing a fierce expression. He didn't bow to anybody, but scowled sternly at the pitcher. The crowd murmured, but burst into applause when he whanged wildly at three curves. Beers pranced into

position and fixed his eye on the pitcher. (Mutterings from the crowd.) He also fanned. The writer, ignorant of the ceremony of the occasion, also struck out without any preliminary formalities. (Low hoots and scattered uncomplimentary references to "los Yanquis" from the multitude.) No runs.

"See here," said the diplomat as we took the field, "this is going to be unpleasant. These South Americans are strong on etiquette, and they're likely to rush the field if we don't do the right thing. We ought to return their courtesies."

"Oh, very well," said our captain, beckoning his team about him. "Listen. Now, boys, whatever these dago gentlemen do, you do it back, with fringe on it. Stop short of nothing but kissing 'em."

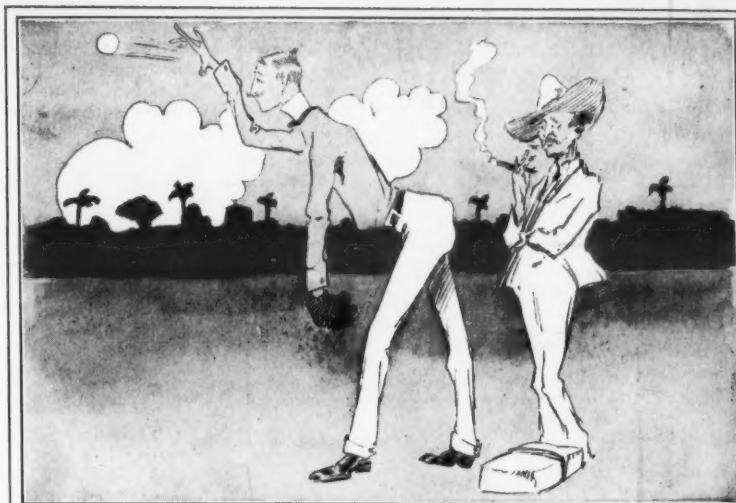
Second Inning—Third Cousin saluted the crowd. He saluted the umpire. After a moment's hesitation he saluted Captain Dove. That refined athlete immediately dropped the ball, doubled up like the recipient of a solar plexus punch, and waved his hands gracefully above his bent head. The grand stand burst into cheers. Our infield straightaway abased itself before the grand stand. There was an answering whoop of appreciation from the crowd along the ropes. The outfield salaamed profoundly to this humbler populace. The right field cow, alarmed by the turmoil, moored softly. Our right fielder promptly made obeisance to the cow, and the game proceeded. Third Cousin struck out. First Cousin occasioned prolonged enthusiasm by making a foul tip (the first time a bat had touched the ball), and then went the usual way of those that strike to hit a "break" ball out of the lot without previous experience with that brand of pitching. Tall Cousin was the third and final failure in this round. No runs.

In the Yankee half of the second, things began to move. Dove, after profoundly and individually bowing to each player on the San Mosquito team, drove a sharp liner over shortstop. The Rev. Dr. Lake hypnotized the pitcher into landing an inshoot on his left leg and hobbled to first, audibly regretting the limitations set to his vocabulary by the profession. Dove ambled to third on a passed ball. Pillar of the bulging shirt made some graceful salaams, followed by some senile motions with his bat, and retired to the bench. Myers stabbed a feeble one toward third and Dove raced home. Budge hit at one in front of him and one behind him, and smiled pleasantly as the third ball cut the plate in two. One run, and profound gloom on the bleachers.

AS THE now jubilant Americans were about to take the field again, Don Miguel indicated, with elaborate courtesy, his wish for a stay of proceedings.

"I suppose," said Dove resignedly, "that they're going to offer us an arm apiece and escort us out for ice cream and cake."

But the matter was more serious. The captain and members of the San Mosquito team explained that,



Beers, fledgling diplomat, Princeton, '99

The opposing captain demanded elucidation. He got it. He retailed it to his team. There was a brief colloquy, with the diplomat called in as conferee. Then a muchacho ambled out on the field, carrying a pail of water, which he set down near the pitcher's box. Dove regarded it with a baleful eye.

"What's that for?" he demanded.

"The First Families of Los Anonymous," explained Beers, "object to sullying their bats with a ball so improperly treated. The water is supplied as a substitute."

"Not on their lives!" exploded Dove. "I'll play up to their pink-tea gambols. But I'm no duck! No aquatics for mine. Tell 'em I'll cut out the spitter."

HENCE the preliminaries of disaster in the:

Third Inning—Left-handed Cousin, after the customary ceremonial, faced the pitcher and listened to two strikes which went by so fast that he never saw them at all. For Dove, famous as one of the swiftest pitchers in the International League, had uncorked his long bottled-up speed. The third strike landed in the middle of Phipps's pad, and that gentleman, gasping a little, threw his man out at first. Right-handed Cousin now advanced and bowed himself out on three whizzers, Phipps making another abdominal stop of the final one. Brother-in-law ambled up and waited, with a face of despair; but chance favored him and he got four balls. Amid tumultuous acclaim he took his base, and a moment later would have been caught bowing himself off first if Beers hadn't muffed. It was now tragically necessary for Phipps, who had been playing back for the first two strikes in the interests of his health, to stand up behind the bat. Dove's first ball to the captain of the San Mosquitos glanced from the catcher's mask and nearly tore an ear off the umpire. His second banged poor Phipps in the shoulder, and his third caromed so violently from the victim's shin that the batter was on first and the runner on second long before it could be retrieved. Then—

"Enough," gasped Phipps, casting off his armor with violent gestures. "I'm through. It's all off. Although I fly the American flag, I'm no armored cruiser. Nix on the cannon-ball game for me. Advertise for volunteers for a sure-death party."

"Oh, well," said Dove, "I'll catch myself. Here, Myers, you need exercise; come in and pitch. Go to third, Phipps."

So the third inning continued with the Soldier of Misfortune in the pitcher's box. His first offering Second Cousin hit straight up in the air, whence it fell with a satisfying thud into the new catcher's glove. No runs, and the agony temporarily postponed.

FOR the visiting team Clare went to the bat, and, in a violent attempt to demolish the ball, laid down a masterly bunt, which he beat to first. Here Dove went down the line to coach him, and the whole San Mosquito team lent ear to his remarks—with what effect we were soon to observe. Phipps connected (more by accident than design) with an inshoot for a bouncer, which First Cousin on third base neatly intercepted; but Third Cousin on second

base cruelly betrayed the family and dropped the ball. Everybody safe except Third Cousin, who was for a time in peril of mob violence. Here Captain Don Miguel steadied down and struck out Beers. By the simple expedient of shutting my eyes and banging away for general results, I landed on a straight one after two misses, and fled for first base, paced by a Charley-horse which has been my faithful companion and playmate ever since. We got there mainly because Tall Cousin at shortstop was playing cup-and-ball with the hit. Dove whanged out a two-bagger, sending two men in. It should have been



The golfer in him had reverted to type



He lay deaf, dumb, blind, and dead to the world, with a drowning grip on the bag

after careful study of Señor Dove's admirable pitching, they had come to the conclusion that he made his ball curve downward. Was this true? It was. Then the visiting team would please to understand that while the incurve and the outcurve were formally recognized, a ball was not officially supposed to drop until it was tired of going; and the umpire was then looking up the rules on the point. ("In the 'Complete Book of Etiquette,' I'll bet a hat!") bitterly opined the Soldier of Misfortune.) Unhappily the diplomat was moved to explain that our pitcher was throwing a spitball.



three, but I and my equine accomplice were a bit off in our teamwork and paused on third to get breath and marvel at the violence of our Captain's language. The Rev. Dr. Lake, having sacrificed one leg for his country, now took caution for his guide and stood so far back from the plate that the umpire, with many apologies, was forced to call him out without his having so much as waved a bat. Pillar, the next man up, was besought to strike for his altars and his fires, and save the day. He struck once. He struck twice. He struck thrice with all the strength of his stocky shoulders; and at the final effort the chancy godling who rules over the game ordained that the ball should be in the pathway of that mighty endeavor at the psychological moment. There was a heartening crack, and 'way out in center field Brother-in-law started on the long, swinging lope characteristic of one having a far journey before him. From the throats of the Americans there rose a blithe yell. But Pillar, the hero of that wholesome swat; Pillar, the prospective savior of the day; Pillar stood rooted to the spot. The golfer in him reverted to type.

"Fore!" he yelled, and contemplated the trajectory with a pleased smile. "I guess that's something like a drive," he observed.

THEN, without effort or volition on his part, he proceeded disjointedly along the first base line, babbling as he went. For Thomas, the rooter, had him by the collar and was walking him "turkey." At the turn the propeller launched him into space.

"If you don't flee like a startled fawn," he admonished him in a frantic yell, "I'll come out and dribble you around with a bat."

Pillar fled. Second and third he passed in high, hurdling strides, and still the fielder panted on the trail of the ball. Home he came, and there stood Thomas leaping jubilantly into the air and whirling his club with ferocious whoops. Poor Pillar misinterpreted the action. With his knee-joints lapsing, and his tongue projecting, he set out for first again, made that, cast a terrified glance behind, where his team mates were roaring, plunged for second, slid, rolled, and lay, deaf, dumb, blind, and dead to the world, but with a drowning grip on the bag, as the ball came rolling in from the field. Not until his Captain had dragged him in and given him a drink did he realize the undying glory which he had achieved by his home-run-and-a-half. Myers went out on a pop-fly, and the side retired. Five runs.

Fourth Inning—Oh, the proud, imperious port with which the All Americans dispersed to their various positions in the field! Six-run start looked good to us. We spat on our hands professionally, stuck out our chests and waited. Myers in the pitcher's box pawed the earth, "wound up," and delivered a ball which would have landed on Third Cousin's ear, if that Hidalgo hadn't emerged from his *dolce far niente* in time to execute a swift duck. His next two were so high that the catcher never touched them. Then, what was honorably intended to be an outbender failed to bend, and found a home among the batsman's ribs. Third Cousin dropped his club, doubled up, undoubled, walked out to the pitcher's box, and, with a profound bow, addressed the Soldier of Misfortune in soft-voiced Spanish. Myers responded with a still lower salutation and said that it was an accident. The Spaniard bowed again and went to first base.

"I'm glad he takes it so well," remarked Myers.

"Takes it well!" said Beers, the diplomat. "He's just challenged you to a duel, you ninny!"

The next four balls pitched by the substitute were so innocent of offense that they went wide even of the back stop. Third Cousin came home, First Cousin went to first, and the tall shortstop came to bat.

"Let him hit it," ordered Captain Dove.

"No!" shouted the remainder of our team, unanimously, each obsessed with the blighting fear that the ball would come his way.

"Let him hit it," repeated Dove firmly. "Let 'em all hit it. Lob 'em up straight across the plate."

He hit it, a slashing liner to left field, where Budge of the self-effacing manners proceeded to efface himself still further by crouching cautiously in the grass as the ball went by and from that point of vantage contemplating the phenomenon of flight with an expression of absorbed but impersonal scientific interest, as who should say:

"Why, there goes Biela's comet! How did that get loose, I wonder?"

BY THE time he had decided to follow the ball, the batter had made the circuit, with First Cousin a base or two ahead of him. Things began to look less roseate. The next Cousin up rapped a lively grounder to Phipps, who pointed the finger of scorn at it. It crumpled the finger and went on its course. The batter took first base. His Captain, who, it will be remembered, had been an interested listener to our Captain's vocal output in a like situation, now went to the coaching line. For the following translation of his oratory I am indebted to the diplomat:

"Advance, Señor! Extend yourself a trifle to the westward. Have I your attention, Señor Cousin? Very well, then; oblige me by adventuring some cautious footsteps forward. Muchas gracias! But might I venture to hint that it is not wholly sufficient?—Your pardon; but is that first base anointed with glue, that you remain placid like a fly upon flypaper? Observe, of your courtesy, the pitcher as he manipulates the ball. Now! Project yourself! [Then, in tones of despairing ap-



It crumpled the finger and went on its course

peal]: Ornament of your native soil, beneficently remove one of your feet therefrom and advance the same a modest meter in the direction of second base. Again! Observe! He pitches. The ball sails wide! The receiver—he muffs. Ghost of a petrified lizard! Are you then anchored to the ground! [dancing in agonized excitement]. Go! Rush! Vamose! Fly! In the name of the seven hundred knock-kneed saints who presided over your honored birth, Señor, will you do me the honor to explain why you continue to maintain a permanent occupation of this first base when a one-legged land crab would long ago have achieved third, in safety?"

AND after all that eloquence the runner didn't steal, and Right-handed Cousin advanced him on a sacrifice. Brother-in-law put up a high foul which perished in the catcher's glove. The gallant captain of his family team, advancing to the plate with a lordly mien and a dark, forbidding bat cut from a rubber tree, cracked out a three-bagger in the direction of Budge. The next batter drove in the run with a slow wriggler to shortstop. Mercifully, Second Cousin put up an easy fly to which Phipps froze. Four runs.

The American half of the fifth was uneventful, not to say painful; since, of four men up, only one hit the ball at all, and he ineffectually,

ally, the second baseman gobbling his easy boulder. No runs.

Fifth and Last Inning—The first batter up got four bad ones and passed. At first he teetered gently while his Captain-coacher addressed him vehemently from the side-lines. He nodded. And, of a sudden, cold fear struck into the heart of the second baseman, which was me. I knew he was going to try to steal; I knew that it was my duty to intercept the catcher's throw; and when I bethought me of Dove's speed, I felt the precise sensations of a man about to be shot against a wall. The best thing about the tragedy was that the worst happened promptly. On the first ball pitched, down came the runner, followed by a fiery burst of rhetoric from the coacher, and down came the ball from Dove. I have seen the giant sting ray burst, in full flight from the placid waters of the Caribbean; I have observed Mr. Jack Johnson's fist streaking toward the jaw of an opponent with all the impetus of 200-odd pounds of assorted muscle behind it; I have watched 90-miles-an-hour of motor car come zipping down the straight; I have seen an airship outstrip the flight of the startled birds; but never, oh, never, have I beheld such a spectacle of pitiless power as was presented by that sphere, in its progress second-baseward. Now, I hadn't laid hand in anger on a baseball in ten years. But I reached for this one, and it landed. My next sentient impression after removing the wreckage of my fingers from my mouth, was seeing the runner on third, and hearing my Captain imploring me to tell him in what Correspondence School I had learned baseball. To give emphasis to my error, the man who should have been an easy out, jogged home on a scratch hit by the next man up. It was a case of none out, but one run needed to tie the score, when Tall Cousin took position. The second ball pitched he converted into a short, spinning fly, which occasioned what I believe to be a record freak play. (Hugh Fullerton and Will Irwin please note.) Both Phipps and I started for the ball, before we saw that it was Pillar's. That artist spread out welcoming

arms to it, and, passing between his hands, it landed on his protuberant chest with an amazing noise, much like high C on a base drum. No less amazing was the return, which bounded high in my direction, above my head. With a frantic swipe I batted it toward Phipps, who rushed upon it and booted it into the pitcher's hands; and that worthy tossed it to where Beers, instead of touching the base, ran down the base runner—he had naturally lingered in rapt admiration of our jugglery—and tagged him out short of second base, while the crowd roared and the official scorer, purple in the face with enthusiasm, entered the incident as a quadruple play. (After the game was over, we made an investigation of Pillar, and found that he had padded himself with his rubber camp pillow, blown up to its fullest extent.)

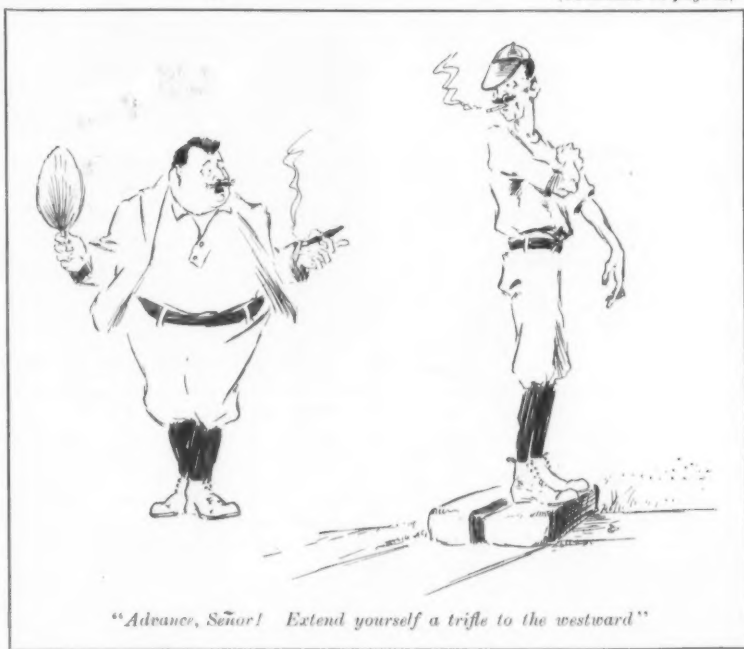
THE next Mosquito up was the right fielder. With a look of savage determination he whanged the first modest offering of Myers. It was a real skyscraper, sailing deep into right field.

Prof. Clare turned slowly and solemnly in his tracks and watched it sail. In the words of the poet:

"I never saw a man who looked
With such a placid eye
Upon that little ball of hide
Which fielders call a fly;
Or showed less personal concern
In seeing it pass by."

"Go after it! Catch it!" yelled the whole team.

(Concluded on page 26)



"Advance, Señor! Extend yourself a trifle to the westward"

The Social Usurpation of Our Colleges

V.—The Fraternity System

By OWEN JOHNSON



Kappa Alpha House—Williams College

AT YALE, Harvard, and Princeton we have seen the social organization gradually divorcing itself from the general intercollegiate association and become strongly localized. Beyond these three distinct developments is the great common fraternity system, which is the basis of the social life in almost every university and college in the country, embracing in its range such widely separated institutions as the University of Vermont, Amherst, Institute of Technology, Williams, Yale Sheffield Scientific School, Cornell, Chicago University, Northwestern University, Wesleyan, the University of Minnesota, the University of Michigan, the University of Wisconsin, and the numerous other State universities of the Middle West, the South, and the Pacific Coast. Occasionally, as in Yale Scientific and the University of Vermont, you will find a fraternity that consists of one local chapter, but as a general rule the different chapters form more or less intimately related parts of a central organization.

YALE SHEFFIELD IS A TYPE

THE Yale Academic Senior Society conception of a reward for distinguished services has been imitated in many places, notably at Williams and Wesleyan, where, after a hesitating beginning, it has established itself permanently. The great majority of our universities and colleges, however, are organized on the pure fraternity system. The fraternity supplies a home, often of great luxury, in which its members board and eat as in a private club; membership is conferred early in the freshman year, and in some cases, in the intense rivalry engendered by fraternity competition, pledges are given even before entrance to college.

The best example of the modified fraternity system is the Yale Sheffield Scientific School. It is also remarkable because it is the only division of the three great Eastern universities of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton where the social organization has put in practice the dormitory idea and, furthermore, has not localized its chapters. That the fraternity development in Sheffield has been due to the economic lack of dormitories is both true and natural.

As it is probably true, that if a commons adequate to accommodate all students had been in existence at Princeton thirty years ago, there would be no complicated system of upper-class clubs to-day, so it is more than possible that if the economic development of Sheffield Scientific School had been on the basis of sufficient dormitories, the fraternity idea would not have taken hold, entrenched itself and dominated the school, nor



Chi Psi House—Cornell University

would Yale University to-day represent two absolutely opposed theories of social organization, each extremely critical of the other. The Academic Senior Society (in theory) keeps a candidate under surveillance for three years and accords him recognition on his record. The Sheffield fraternity takes in its members toward the middle of freshman year and puts all emphasis on the educational force of intimate association to which they will be

subjected for virtually their whole course. Yale Academic criticizes in Sheffield the error of such early judgment, the lack of any further restraint, and the marooning effect on the outsider who remains totally unprovided for. The Sheffield fraternities retort that they at least safeguard individuality and give it opportunity to develop, and, that on the contrary, the academic system rules by fear; that candidates for senior societies, in most cases, pass three years of self-consciousness, calculating the effect of every impulse, and completely miss the spontaneous joy of youth.

FRATERNITIES HAVE DESTROYED COLLEGE UNITY

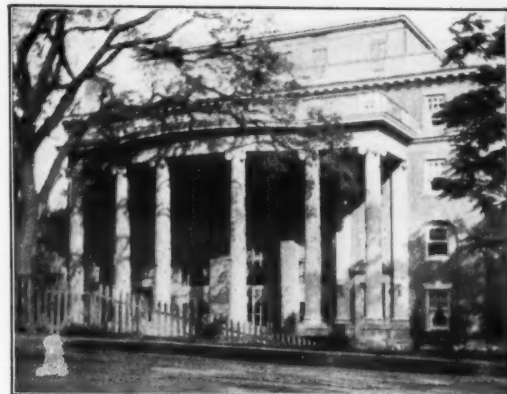
THERE is truth in both criticisms, as each system vulnerably represents the expression of extremely divergent attempts to evolve a fair social system. Undoubtedly the two great evils of the Sheffield system are the total failure to provide for the outsider and the subordinating of the ideal of the college to the pleasantly selfish ideal of the individual fraternity.

At Sheffield the tendency (still unchecked) has been away from the old standard of simplicity; the week-end exodus to New York is thrice as noticeable as in Academic; the introduction of the automobile has increased, and the luxury of the newer fraternity houses, built in the frenzy of competition, is such as to cause a Yale graduate of the 90's to rub his eyes in amazement. Moreover, the economic waste of the Sheffield fraternities (all of which must be laid as a tax on the members) is out of all common-sense proportion. Not only have they built themselves increasingly expensive homes in which to room, but, with one or two exceptions, they have constructed (to impress the young imagination) "Tombs" costing thousands of dollars, where they go once or twice a week for their mysterious and secret conclaves. In Academic, the man who fails of a Senior or even of a Junior Society is not shut out from the intercourse of dormitories and the eating-club association with the elect, and with the exception of the Sophomore Society period, ending in 1901, resentment has not expressed itself in organized opposition. At Sheffield, on the contrary, the line of divergence between the fraternity man and the outsider is so pronounced that the antagonism repeatedly manifests itself in the outsiders organizing and putting through a slate for the class-day appointments—as has happened at Harvard. That there is an intelligent perception of this reactionary state of affairs even among the graduates of the fraternities I am aware, from personal conversations; but in a period when Harvard, Yale Academic, and Princeton have a record of progressive reform, it is amazing that Sheffield Scientific School stands alone as having taken no unifying measures for the greater good of the school.

The fraternity system in the smaller colleges is, in fact, their whole life. A man who fails to qualify for a fraternity at Amherst or Williams, to cite an example, is at once deprived of the total humanizing effect of his college course. As a result, there, as elsewhere, men who fail of election continually turn their backs and leave college. At Cornell and Pennsylvania this is likewise true—there is no social life outside of the fraternities, and the rejected are left almost in the position of students at a correspondence school. At Wesleyan, a distinguished exception, the faculty have considered this problem and established what amounts to a neutral clubhouse for the fractionally small percentage of students who are not divided among the fraternities.

What is true everywhere, however, is that the ascendancy of the fraternity has destroyed in great measure the former unity of the college, which is now in reality broken up into a number of smaller divisions, in effect often resembling the English university broken up into smaller colleges.

Contrary to unenlightened general prejudice, the moral tone of the fraternities is usually excellent. Drinking in the fraternity houses is forbidden, and this protective measure often has originated with the fraternities themselves. It is true there are glaring excep-



Berzelius—Yale Sheffield

tions to this conservative policy, but they are exceptions; nor do I believe any fair charge on the side of moral laxity can be laid against the social system of the colleges on this score.

STRONG CHAPTERS IN THE WEST

IN ALL consideration of the general fraternity systems in many of the smaller colleges, it should be kept always in mind that they exist by student initiation to supply the lack of social facilities in dormitory and eating halls that the college has not been rich enough to supply. Nor can the fraternities all be grouped or condemned under one head.

The fraternities at Wesleyan and at many of the small Eastern colleges and the Middle Western univer-



One of the "Tombs"—Yale Sheffield

sities are strong, earnest chapters, with an emphasis on brains and intellectual distinction. This is true because these institutions have so far escaped the social wave that has swept over the Eastern universities. The fraternity will always reflect the average in college life and will not long continue a superior standard.

In the Middle West the winner of the Tri-State debate is met at the college station with a band and carried to the campus on the shoulders of his comrades; bonfires are lighted, and the celebration, which would be incomprehensible in the East, takes on the air of the rejoicing that follows a football victory. The students are passionately interested in politics. They go into the State campaigns with ardor and enthusiasm, and such activities are held in the highest honor. That is why the fraternities retain vitality and vigor.

HABIT OF ISOLATION IN THE EAST

BUT in the East somehow, in general, the colleges have isolated themselves and, neglectful of what is happening about them, are profoundly and introspectively interested only in themselves.

Now what results? The chapter represents not the broad, uplifting ideals which gave birth to the fraternity, but the purely local standards of success, and the success that is taken into account is quite naturally the success that is visualized on the athletic field, in the conduct of papers, or the management of the team or the success that results from pleasant social personalities.

"The great trouble with us," said a fraternity graduate

to me, "is that we have entirely too good a time in our chapter houses."

This is true at Yale, Sheffield, Williams, Cornell, Brown, and elsewhere. Wherever the college or university has suddenly become popular—that is, wherever the first body of students fighting for an education has been merged with those who come gleefully to enjoy—the fraternities have inevitably been captured by this purely social element.

THE BEGINNING OF SNOBBERY

WHERE loyalties are too keen, criticism is unwellcome. The first charge that I bring against the large majority of the fraternities is that they have not been true to themselves. Their original design was to afford a common and agreeable meeting ground for men to improve themselves by discussion, debate, and mental intercourse—for men of brains and character. They never were organized to be simply good social clubs. To-day the literary exercises are often perfunctory performances, and the tolerant contempt for scholarship is often stronger within the fraternity than without. As a result, the pleasant indolent years of congenial association leave a man without any fortifying experience of struggle or hardship. Youth is the best time for the human being to experience hardship, when it forms his ambition and sets his purpose—but the whole tendency is to make college life socially pleasant and easy, and to use the fraternity for this first purpose.

Nor does the establishment of sufficient fraternities in a college to accommodate seventy-five or eighty per cent of the students mean the abolition of caste or snobbery. The fraternities that are entrenched in tradition and popularity are sought by the favored social elements;



Alpha Delta Phi House—Amherst

other fraternities that take what is left are disparaged, and often membership in a chapter that is rated low is almost a greater reproach than to have remained among the outsiders.

The second-best fraternities are jealous and envious of



Delta Kappa Epsilon House—University of Michigan

the first, who in turn are taught the beginnings of snobbery, in a self-satisfaction, and a belief in their superior status. All of this is inevitable in contending systems, and no attempt, such as at Princeton, to provide clubs for all can eliminate the vital human factors of jealousy, envy, and complacency wherever a college is graded on social lines. The excuse offered is that the college represents precisely the outer world. The answer is that such an ideal is mean and unworthy of the inspiring history of the university as an ideal—that the place of the university in the national scheme is not to follow but to lead. And exactly here is the crux of the whole matter.

These articles will have failed of their chief purpose if they convey any feeling of pessimism or of purely destructive criticism. There is not the slightest desire to destroy in the popular imagination the prestige of the college; that I have tried to show some wrong tendencies of to-day is, rather, because I believe more strongly than some others that in the national scheme the problem of government is the problem of education; that the college is a national necessity; that its opportunities are vital to democracy, and that only that education which means close touch and sympathetic association of all classes can bring a solid and inspired national spirit.

MATERIAL REWARDS OF THE SYSTEM

THE present phase, from which the colleges will evolve by the saving graces of American humor and sober second thought, is unfortunately the phase of material development. The colleges have been competing for blocks of stone. Each social system means the closer binding of an influential body of alumni to the interests of the college—with all the resultant donations coming from those who feel themselves peculiarly honored. Gratefully aware of this one present benefit in the social organization, the colleges have pardonably sought to excuse the sins of commission and omission.

To-day there has begun a new phase, to which I

am only too glad to testify, the period of courageous self-examination. Nor is this confined to the faculties and those of the alumni who look back from a maturer standpoint, testing their own ideals by the ideals they wish to place before their sons. Among the undergraduates in the social organization is a new feeling of responsibility, which makes them ready to be convinced and eager to seize larger visions.

THREE STEPS TOWARD REFORM

I HAVE said before that the question is too fraught with susceptibility and intimate loyalties to be treated by surgical operations. All reforms should be on the lines of gradual evolution. That beneficial evolution is not difficult to seek—it lies in the simple reaffirmation that the college is greater than the society, and that if the society must be weakened for the college to grow in strength, the duty is not simply paramount but to be embraced with enthusiasm.

The first three important steps, as I see them, are, first, the bringing of all students into a dormitory system founded on the class unit (as at Yale); second, the bringing of all students into a common dining hall, divided again by classes (as has been begun at Princeton); and, third, the prohibition of the Saturday night exodus and the establishment of Saturday night, by every imaginative expedient, as the distinctive grouping time of the class.

If these three unifying steps were taken, I believe that the paramount ideal of college loyalty and pride engendered would speedily result in a common-sense rectification of the present disintegrating tendencies of the social organization.

Beyond these purely democratic reforms, overshadow-



Phi Kappa Psi House—University of Minnesota

ing them even in the effect on national character, should come an insistence on the standards of education, expressed by scholarship tests for social success, and by an abandonment of what has been the most harmful single influence for evil—the general, unrestricted elective system.

Pure Food Progress at Jersey City

The Women's Club, in Cooperation with the Board of Health, is Making a Telling Campaign

By LEWIS B. ALLYN

"THE public health," says Lord Beaconsfield, "is the foundation on which reposes the happiness of the people and the power of the country. The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman."

The pure-food exhibition recently held at Worcester, Massachusetts, has awakened many of our larger cities to the need of food reform. Among the first civic organizations to take a definite stand is the Women's Club of Jersey City, which, cooperating with the local Board of Health, is making a telling fight against Dirt, Disease, and Death, the three D's to be reckoned with in any community.

This work is one of the most prominent features in the great civic display called "Know Your City." Among the sixscore exhibits at the Fourth Regiment Armory in the last week in May, the booths in charge of the Women's Club and the Board of Health proved of most interest to the thousands of parents and children who continually thronged the great hall.

As an example to other cities which desire to enter into a municipal food campaign, Jersey City may well serve as a model. "Not more pure-food laws," say the women, "but better ones and more inspection." Then they go a step farther and assert that proper inspection, backed up by intelligent public sentiment, will make unclean, adulterated, and injurious food impossible.

Jersey City is just now in the first stages of a much-needed renovation so far as its food supply is concerned, and the first step in such a campaign is to force the people to think or make them realize the necessity for such reform. Hence the display of all sorts of local candy fakes from stores and stands near the various city schools; robbed, debased, and dangerous concoctions,

ranging all the way from nut bars without nuts, and jelly beans minus jelly, to lampblack licorice strings sine licorice, and "near" chocolate specialties varnished with arsenical shellac. "Gee," said a ragged little fellow who, with a coterie of followers, was staring at the display with wide-open eyes, "get on to the paint in that stuff—I wonder I ain't dead." That is just what many an older and wiser one thought too. But the truth of the matter is that debasement of foodstuffs seldom takes the form of quick-acting poison. These things travel by slower and more subtle routes, working their injury in a less spectacular manner.

TEACHING PEOPLE TO READ THE LABEL

MANY a parent paused to ask why the authorities did not stop the sale of such products. This query the women could not answer. Students of the whole situation know well enough that local authorities cannot stop the sale, as a score or more of deleterious ingredients are permitted under the misleading phrase of our Federal Food Law—"Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act"—and, furthermore, there is no law to compel a vender of loose candy to properly label his product. A law which would enable the purchaser to read, "these marshmallow bars contain sulphurous acid, coal-tar dye, and saccharin," would be salutary in its general effect.

This great civic display taught people not only to read the label but to demand more labels. If the work begun at the armory stopped with the display of degraded foodstuffs, whether candy, soft drinks, pastry, or ice cream, it would surely fail to accomplish much good. The Board of Health and the Women's Club, realizing this, are trying to educate the people along the following lines:

To inform them who sells wholesome foods which not only comply with but are even in advance of the Pure Food Law.

To publish brands of food which may be purchased without the taint of suspicion resting upon their quality or grade.

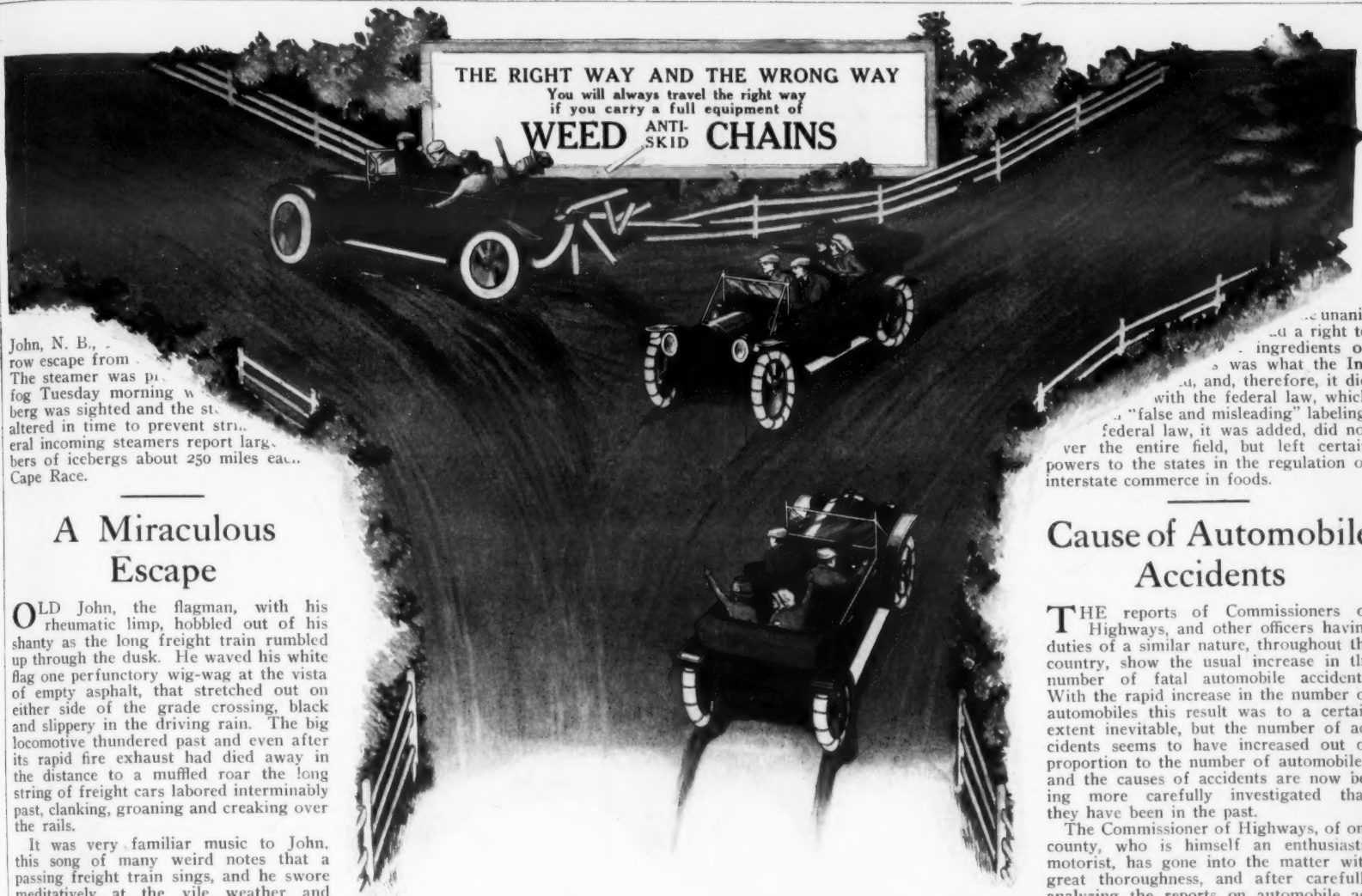
To read the labels and to refuse to buy, or to immediately return, any goods marked artificially colored or containing chemical preservatives.

To make the consumer feel that he is a member of the Board of Health, and to call immediate attention to possible causes for complaint in his food products.

To make the sale of adulterated, misbranded, or non-branded foodstuffs unpopular.

And finally, to believe that Jersey City cares for the health of its people as its greatest asset.

One sees here in active operation a movement based upon the general proposition that an ill-fed child is an unhappy child and an ill-fed adult is an inefficient adult. It is asserted that eight out of ten of the public-school children drink tea or coffee, or both, and that their food falls far short of what it should be in point of nutrition and economy. To remedy this defect such bodies as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the various domestic-science departments, social-service organizations, and the superintendent of the schools are planning courses of public instruction, the reactive effect of which cannot be other than beneficial. If every city in the land could adopt this liberal, far-reaching plan, our Federal lawmakers and executors would be forced to agree with Lord Beaconsfield that "the care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman."



John, N. B., row escape from. The steamer was p. fog Tuesday morning w. berg was sighted and the st. altered in time to prevent stri. eral incoming steamers report larg. bers of icebergs about 250 miles each. Cape Race.

A Miraculous Escape

OLD John, the flagman, with his rheumatic limp, hobbled out of his shanty as the long freight train rumbled up through the dusk. He waved his white flag one perfunctory wig-wag at the vista of empty asphalt, that stretched out on either side of the grade crossing, black and slippery in the driving rain. The big locomotive thundered past and even after its rapid fire exhaust had died away in the distance to a muffled roar the long string of freight cars labored interminably past, clanking, groaning and creaking over the rails.

It was very familiar music to John, this song of many weird notes that a passing freight train sings, and he swore meditatively at the vile weather and longed for the train to pass and let him return to his warm stove in the shanty.

Suddenly out of the dusk there came a shrill, sustained high-pitched note that carried, even above the confused noises of the passing train, to the flagman's ears. He knew that sound, too, and it galvanized his rheumatic limbs into action. He ran out into the center of the asphalt street, waving his flag, just in time to be silhouetted against a spear of white light that flashed out of the darkness. Higher and shriller came the singing note of a long black touring car, speeding its sixty miles an hour and more, and the flagman had barely time to leap out of the way, falling on the slippery asphalt as he jumped back.

"They're done for," he gasped as he went into the gutter, catching as he fell one glimpse of the automobile driver's form shoot forward with all his weight against the emergency brake. John had watched passing automobiles long enough to know how rubber tires would skid and slide over that slippery pavement. As he picked himself up he listened for the sickening crash against the sides of the rumbling freight train.

But no crash came. By the time John reached the grade crossing the last of the freight cars with twinkling red lights was disappearing into the darkness and the big touring car stood unharmed within six feet of the rails.

Two women and a child peered out of the tonneau, their faces still white with terror, while the driver walked about the car inspecting it with an oil sidelight.

"It's all right Martha," he called to one of the women in the car, "No damage done—we can go on all right."

John had come hobbling up toward the little circle of lamplight, an oasis of light in the darkness intensified by driving mist and rain. The driver walked back to the end of his car, kicked the tires on the rear wheels and tested the tire chains.

"Golly, but it's a good thing I put those chains on to-night," he remarked to the flagman.

"The closest call that ever I seen," said John with a shake of his head, "when I seen you jam on the brake I says to myself 'there's all day with 'em.' With the road that slippery I don't see nohow why you didn't jest slide into the train."

"These," said the driver, patting the tire chains affectionately, "these did it. Never skidded an inch to right or left; and how they did hold when I applied the brakes. I'll never drive another mile over a slippery road without them."

WEED CHAINS

Life Insurance That Saves Lives

To remind you of such possibilities as loss of life in connection with the pleasures of motoring is unpleasant, but if you have ever had a narrow escape like the one described on this page you will agree that there are graver annoyances than this reminder. Has your own experience or that of others taught you no lesson?

Are you still taking your life in your hands by refusing to take the necessary precaution against the dangers of skidding? Are you still unwisely depending on rubber alone for the safety of yourself, the occupants of your car and others on the road?

There is only one way to be sure of perfect control and safe, comfortable driving through deep mud, treacherous sand and on slippery pavement, and that is—equip all four wheels of your car with Weed Chains. On the rear wheels they insure traction and prevent skidding, on the front wheels they make steering easy and sure.

Weed Chains are the proverbial "ounce of prevention" against skidding, the most common cause of automobile accidents. Life insurance companies are recommending to their policy holders the use of Weed Chains. The Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation and the London Guarantee and Accident Company even affix an endorsement to all their automobile policies. Taxicab companies protect themselves, their passengers and other road users by requiring their drivers to attach Weed Chains before leaving the garage when streets are wet or icy.

Weed Chains do not injure the tire because they are free to creep. They are not anchored, but continually shift their position on the shoe with every revolution of the wheel. Manufacturers will not guarantee their tires unless the chains used on them are free to creep.

Weed Chains are put on without the use of a jack or other tools. They go on in a minute, last a long time and may save many days of your life.

If you haven't a set of Weed Chains or if you have a pair for the rear wheels only, get a full equipment now. Delay is dangerous. Stop in at your dealer's the next time you're out in the car and provide yourself with the kind of life insurance that saves lives.

WEED CHAIN TIRE GRIP COMPANY
28 Moore Street, New York City

Cause of Automobile Accidents

THE reports of Commissioners of Highways, and other officers having duties of a similar nature, throughout the country, show the usual increase in the number of fatal automobile accidents. With the rapid increase in the number of automobiles this result was to a certain extent inevitable, but the number of accidents seems to have increased out of proportion to the number of automobiles, and the causes of accidents are now being more carefully investigated than they have been in the past.

The Commissioner of Highways, of one county, who is himself an enthusiastic motorist, has gone into the matter with great thoroughness, and after carefully analyzing the reports on automobile accidents in his own and neighboring counties, he makes some interesting recommendations.

As usual the first recommendation is for more stringent enforcement of the laws passed to check excessive speed and racing on the public highways.

His next recommendation is that the wheels of all motor cars be equipped with tire chains in rainy weather or at any time when roads and streets are in a wet, slippery condition. The commissioner finds that 90 per cent of the auto accidents reported to him were caused by cars, not equipped with tire chains, skidding into collision with other vehicles or stationary objects like telephone and trolley poles, trees, etc. The commissioner believes, moreover, that a considerable number of the accidents classed under "speeding," could have been averted had the drivers of these automobiles had the adequate brake control over their cars which can only be gained in wet weather by the use of tire chains properly fitted to the rear wheels.

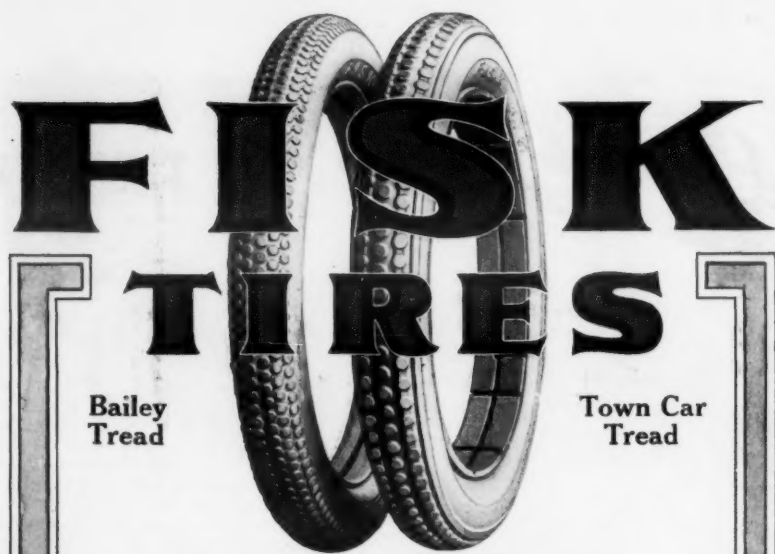
The following from his report should be of interest to every man who drives a motor car:

"It is surely self evident that no one may properly be called an efficient and safe driver of a motor car unless he has at all times complete control over the machine which he is driving. No person driving over a slippery road has complete control of a motor car with wheels equipped with nothing but the ordinary rubber tires. In an emergency he cannot apply his brakes with full force without starting his car spinning about a slippery road, likely to land in the ditch or against the nearest tree.

"Any man who will take the trouble to study the reports of automobile accidents made to this office, will see by a mere glance over the figures that at least 90 per cent of all accidents to motor cars are primarily caused by skidding.

"It is often difficult to tell after an automobile accident exactly what was the cause. When a car skids into a ditch and is found with a broken axle, there is often doubt as to whether the axle was broken as a result of the plunge into the ditch, or whether the breaking of the axle sent the car into the ditch.

"There is just one way in which a motor car can be adequately controlled on a slippery road, and that is by tire chains properly adjusted to all four wheels of the car. Equipped with tire chains, not the slightest difficulty will be experienced in gaining complete brake control, and such a thing as skidding will not be possible."



Bailey
Tread

Town Car
Tread

HEAVY CAR TYPE

Not What You Pay
But What You Get

is the important thing when you buy tires.

Our fourteen years' experience in quality tire building culminated eighteen months ago in a tire whose strength and balance (or equal resistance to wear) had not been paralleled. We had reason to believe that tire to be as near perfection as anything made of rubber and made by man could be.

The intervening year and a half has only strengthened our belief. Regardless of cost, we have held absolutely to the construction and quality then established and are confident we are making tires that are dependable—that we have a strong, balanced construction which means a uniformly satisfactory production—that your neighbor's experience with Fisk Heavy Car Type tires will be your experience.

Look for "Heavy Car Type"

on the wall of every Fisk Tire. This is your guarantee of maximum mileage and longest resistance to wear, made possible by Fisk Quality materials and the exclusive Fisk type of construction.

THE FISK RUBBER CO. CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS. Department P
Direct Factory Branches in 35 Cities



Razor Sharpness Increased by Modern Science

UP TO January 9th, microscopic inspection of finished blades in the AutoStrop factory resulted in 78% being passed by the inspectors. Since introducing on January 9th a new scientific light and higher power microscopes, faults of the razor edge never before seen were revealed.

As a result of these revelations the inspectors now pass but 61% of the product. Every one of the new red package blades equals and surpasses the best of the old blades.

And the initially keen edge can be preserved by any AutoStrop shaver for from 50 to 300 shaves because it is mechanically stropped in the razor itself, at precisely the same angle at which the edge is ground and finished in our factory. This is a triumph of money, invention and experience!

Set consists of silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades and stop, in handsome leather case. Price \$5. Fancy sets \$6.50 up. Sold on 30 days' trial by dealers in United States and Canada. Factories in both countries, also England and Germany.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Box 17, Station F, New York; 400 Richmond Street W., Toronto; 61 New Oxford Street, London; Schleusenbrücke, No. 8, Hamburg

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS
ITSELF

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Box 17, Station F, New York
Kindly send me free one of the new improved
AutoStrop Safety Razor blades.
Name.....
Address.....



"The Pirates of Penzance"

By H.

WHICH is the most delightful of the four Gilbert and Sullivan operas thus far revived in the Shubert-Brady series? "The Mikado" came season before last, "Pinafore" a year ago. "Patience" this season, followed by the "Pirates." De Wolf Hopper, now playing the Sergeant of Police, expressed in an interview his belief that few writers of any time created acting parts equal to those of Gilbert. Although Hopper introduced a few stupid jests, he had sense enough to explain that Gilbert's lines are too finished to allow an actor's inventions to stand comparison. Possibly it was habit that led him into such crudities, and perhaps the brevity of the rôle tempted him to elaborate. Actors are strange animals. They eat and drink the limelight; it is nectar and ambrosia; they would rather examine their own photographs than the paintings of Velasquez. Hopper, apart from this idiosyncrasy, possibly dropped by now, played superbly, picturing the character to the eye, the mind, the ear, and reciting with such easy distinctness and varied humorous shades of delivery that the impulse comes to me again to urge American actors to study recitation at his feet. It is doubtful whether the familiar and classic lyric about crime could be delivered more successfully by any actor living:

*When a felon's not
engaged in his em-
ployment,
Or maturing his felon-
ious little plans,
His capacity for in-
nocent enjoyment
Is just as great as
any honest man's.*

These lines and the rest of the song will be alive when our children are long dead. The philosophy, the wit, the gaiety, the theatrical instinct, are perfectly commingled, and there lies in the background the philosophic comic freshness that makes literature.

"It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all, but we should have thought of that before we joined the force....

*Ah, take one consideration with another.
The policeman's lot is not a happy one."*

Charles Lamb might have written one of his best essays about the policeman whose human insight realized that—

*When the enterprising burglar's not a-bur-
gling,*

*When the cutthroat isn't occupied in crime,
He loves to hear the little brook a-gurgling
And listen to the merry village chime.*

Aristophanes might have treated the idea, or Molière; and so with the morals of the pirates, and their loyalty to the queen, and the acquirements of the Major General—one theme after another of Gilbert's lies in that domain of the intelligence which is described, with more finality than anywhere else I know, in George Meredith's beautiful essay on Comedy. And speaking of the military side of the satire, George Macfarlane deserves to be celebrated for the startling improvement in his delivery since "Patience." He acts brilliantly, and he has now brought himself to recite his fast lines without a syllable of loss. Taking the cast as a whole, especially the chorus, the musical aspect is much better than in "Patience." Whatever may be decided about that question at the beginning, about the comparative charms of these four operas, the one which is running now is not to be missed, either by those who as children whistled the tunes, or by those who, children now, can see revived the most graceful form that comic opera has ever worn. Never fear that because those satires were written a generation ago they fit less well the universe of to-day. Take this:

KING—No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic; I shall live and die a pirate king.

*Oh, better far to live
and die*

*Under the brave
black flag I fly*

*Than play a sancti-
monious part*

*With a pirate head
and a pirate*

heart.

*Away to the cheating
world go you,*

*Where pirates all are
well-to-do;*

*But I'll be true to the
song I sing.*

*And live and die a
Pirate King!*

*For I am a Pirate
King!*

*When I sally forth to
seek my prey,*

*I help myself in a
royal way:*

*I sink a few more
ships, it's true,*

*Than a well-bred
monarch ought*

to do;

*But many a king on a first-class throne,
If he wants to call his crown his own,*

*Must manage somehow to get through
More dirty work than ever I do.*

Though I am a Pirate King!

The difficult thing would be, not to find songs and characters and situations that are just as apt to-day, but to find places where Gilbert has lost at all. He drew the essentials of human nature; his eye rested on the permanent; whatever details of his day he noticed, he saw them in the aspect of eternity.



The "slave of duty" in one of
his many dilemmas

*But many a king on a first-class throne,
If he wants to call his crown his own,
Must manage somehow to get through
More dirty work than ever I do.*

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Studebaker



How Will Your Car Be Built?

How your car will be built is too important a matter for you to take for granted. It is the crux of the whole question of what you get for your money. And there is today, as there always has been, a vital difference in the construction of different cars. Most cars are good enough, some are better and one or two are absolutely best.

What you really get for your money is determined back in the factories where your car is made. Don't forget that.

And today just as in the past, The Studebaker Corporation has the largest, the best automobile factories in the world.

The Studebaker-Flanders "20," for example, is built from iron and steels made to our own specifications by Pittsburgh mills and every shipment we receive is chemically analyzed to maintain our standard. Our own mighty hammers drop-forged no less than 226 parts for every Studebaker-Flanders "20." Studebaker foundries cast Studebaker cylinders with a degree of accuracy not purchasable in the open market.

All our steel is heat treated and, where necessary, case-hardened, in Studebaker ovens and by our own secret processes.

Through all the marvelous milling and grinding operations which transform the rough forging or casting into the finished piece, as delicately measured as a watch, accuracy is the keynote and at every point inspection is rigidly exact.

It is Studebaker manufacture by Studebaker processes, and the genius of it is quantity production by automatic machinery. The hand will make mistakes, the automatic machine never.

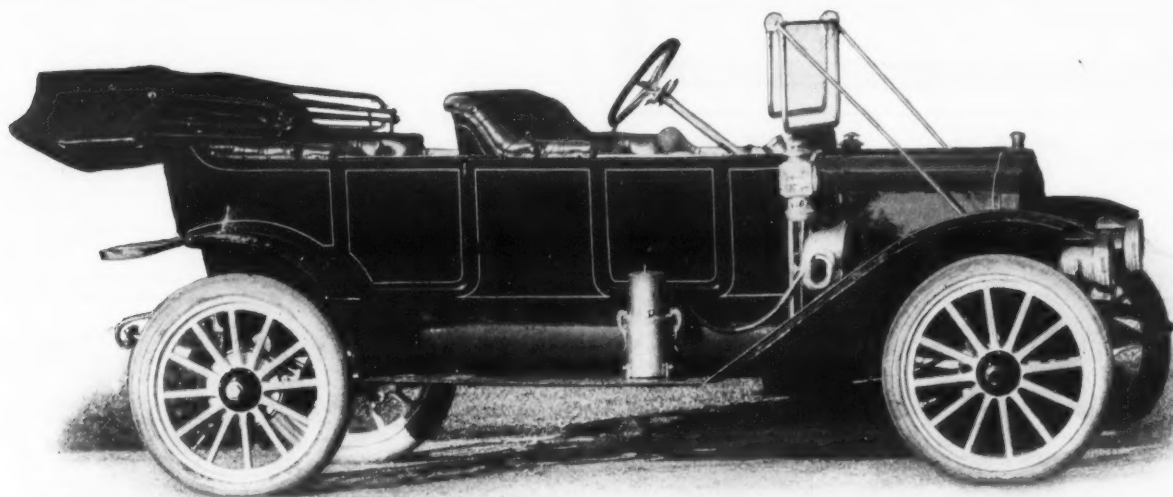
Studebaker cars are not assembled cars in any way. They are built, practically entire, in Studebaker factories. This means a great deal to an owner. How much, any experienced automobilist will tell you.

If you are offered a car at less money than a Studebaker-Flanders "20," make a few comparisons. Consider the appearance, comfort, transmission design, spring suspension, rear axle and brake construction, sufficiency of bearings, steering gear, and other important features.

If some one urges on you a car at higher price, make the same comparisons, and weigh the fact that the Studebaker system of manufacture enables us to build better and cheaper than any maker with inferior facilities possibly can.

Studebaker cars are one price to all, with a fair profit to the dealer, because they are honestly built and honestly priced. And remember that the dealer must make a fair profit if he is to remain in business.

When you buy a Studebaker-E-M-F "30" or Studebaker-Flanders "20" you get a car built in the best factories in the industry by men whose name for years has been a byword for business honor. You couldn't ask more, and you needn't get less.



Studebaker-Flanders "20" Touring Car, Standard Equipped, \$800 f. o. b. Detroit
Equipped with Top, Windshield, Prest-O-Lite Tank and Speedometer, \$885 f. o. b. Detroit

STUDEBAKER MODELS

STUDEBAKER - FLANDERS "20"		STUDEBAKER - E - M - F "30"	
Touring Car - - - - -	\$800	Touring Car - - - - -	\$1100
Roadster - - - - -	750	Detachable Demi-Tonneau -	1100
Delivery Car - - - - -	800	Roadster - - - - -	1100
Utility Car - - - - -	800		

Our New Art Catalogue C will Interest You. Send for it

The Studebaker Corporation

Detroit, Michigan

Worth While—Your Attention

Regal Model T "25" Underslung Touring Car

UNDER a thousand dollars—Twenty-five horse power—Comfortably seating five passengers. A veritable challenge to competition. An "Underslung" with all the advantages of "safety," "economy," "beauty," "accessibility," "comfort" that this construction assures.

A Touring Car that will amaze you by its ability, its flexibility and its absolute sufficiency for any and every purpose—speed—endurance—hill climbing.

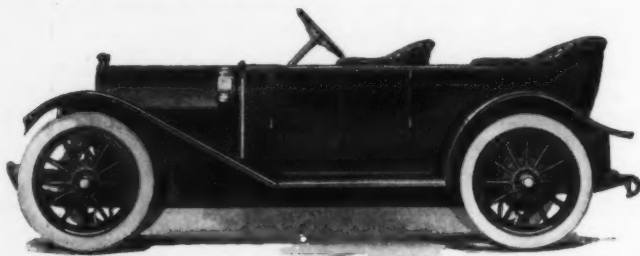
Compare it—Match it—Value against Value.

Let the car do justice to the good things we haven't said about it.

Some Specifications:

Motor, 25 H. P., 33½x4½ inches; Wheel Base, 106 inches; Magneto and Batteries (dual ignition); Transmission (Selective) Highest Grade Nickel Steel, 3 speeds forward, one reverse; Morgan & Wright Tires

32x3½ inches; Standard Equipment, Five Lamps; Generator; Horn; Complete Tool Equipment, (Folding Glass Windshield and Mohair Top and Top Boot \$50 extra.)



\$950

The Regal "25" Underslung Touring Car

Regal dealers are everywhere or write us for Catalog C

The Regal Motor Car Co., Automobile Manufacturers **DETROIT, MICH.**



Marlin
Model 1897 **REPEATER**

of .22 Calibre—but
as Accurate and Dependable as a Big
Game Rifle

A SMALL game and target rifle of take-down construction, having special smokeless steel frame and tool steel working parts. Takes .22 short, .22 long and .22 long rifle cartridges without adjustment. Equipped with Ivory Bead and Rocky Mountain sights. Has lever action like that of high-power arms. Solid top protects shooter against danger from thrown-back smoke, gases and defective cartridges; keeps action dry and clean. Side ejection insures unbroken line of sight always—makes possible quick, accurate follow-up shots.

Send 3 cents for new catalogue showing complete line of Marlin repeating rifles and shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 17 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.



MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Because they are built like Government Torpedo Boats, of tough, puncture-proof steel plates, pressed to rigid form and so securely joined together that a leak is impossible. The Mullins Steel Boats are guaranteed against puncture—leaking—waterlogging—warping—drying out—opening seams—and NEVER REQUIRE CALKING. MOTORS: The Loew-Victor 4-Cycle and Ferro 2-Cycle. Light—powerful—simple—can be operated by the beginner—start like automobile motors—one man control—never stall at any speed—exhaust silently under water.

We also manufacture a complete line of steel hunting and fishing boats—row boats—cedar canvas-covered canoes. Our beautiful book, illustrated in colors, is free. THE W. H. MULLINS CO., World's Largest Boat Builders, 119 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

Hearstism and Great American Fraud

(Concluded from page 11)

Victims of rupture are profitable prey for Mr. Hearst's advertisers, and thus, indirectly, for Mr. Hearst. Any surgeon can tell him, if he needs information on the point, that rupture is always progressive, leading to disability and often to death if not restrained, and that it can be controlled properly only by operation or by special apparatus adjusted to the individual case after expert examination. Any layman who buys and wears a truss or belt or other mechanism for rupture from a man who has not made a personal examination of his case is taking a desperate risk of physical ruin. Yet prominent in the purified print of Mr. Hearst are three of these absentee rupture "cures"; Stuart's Plas-tr-pads, the Clute truss, and the Rice "free cure." "TRUSSES LIKE THESE ARE A CRIME" proclaims one of the advertisements, referring to rival contrivances. Well, advertisements like these are a crime; but a crime which Mr. Hearst doesn't find objectionable—possibly because he does find them profitable.

Does Mr. Hearst believe in magic? At least, he doesn't seem to find magic cures objectionable (so called), since he has some very raw examples among his patrons. One is the bunco of the notorious H. T. Schlegel Company, whose "Magic Eye Remedy" is alleged (in Mr. Hearst's disinfected columns) to have wrought "almost miraculous cures of cataract." Another is that widely exploited swindle, "Magic Foot Drafts," which purport to draw out any kind of rheumatism through the soles of the feet! Fairly to be listed in the fake magic category also are Chase's Blood and Nerve Tablets, since they promise to cure an incurable disease, locomotor ataxia. Yet Mr. Hearst is hospitable to their promise, and the cash therefor.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Hearst's recognized intelligence to ask him whether he really believes that a quack named Canaday has solved the secret of a sure cure for so difficult and obscure a disease as eczema; or that another quack named Cooper has made a "discovery" which will reconstitute a worn-out nervous system;

or that a third quack named Bryan can really cure asthma. It is not Mr. Hearst's intellect, but his journalistic morals and ethics that are impugned by his shallow pretense of reform. And these show at their lowest in the advertisement, wholly lacking any mark to designate it as an advertisement, headed:

HEALTH AND ADVICE By DR. LEWIS BAKER

To the reader unversed in the wiles of yellow journalism this appears to be a bit of that editorial counsel to which the Hearst papers are so prone, given by a medical member of the staff. It is nothing of the sort. Dr. Lewis Baker is a quack, the hired man of a patent-medicine concern in Dayton, Ohio. His "prescriptions" are fakes, exploiting the nostrums manufactured by his employers: "mentho-laxene," "triopeptine," "glyco-atholene," "minyol," etc., proprietaries masquerading under names which sound like pharmacopoeia terms. If Mr. Hearst can see nothing objectionable (so called) in his advertiser's exhibition of medical malpractice, can he preserve an equally innocent attitude as regards his own violation of journalistic decency?

It may be claimed for Mr. Hearst that he is compelled to carry advertising, which he would fain discard, under contracts antedating his avowed intention of "cleaning up." The claim won't hold water. More than once the courts have held that contracts involving deals in secret nostrums—just such quackeries as Mr. Hearst derives a fat revenue from—are unenforceable as being contrary to the public weal. If Mr. Hearst should wish to clean up his columns, he need fear no trouble from his quack advertisers.

But the plain and painful fact is that Mr. Hearst doesn't want to clean up. He only wants to get the credit for cleaning up. When it comes to the issue, it isn't the principle that sways Mr. Hearst. It is the profits. So long as medical fraud pays, it will hardly be found objectionable (so called) by William Randolph Hearst.

Gleams—By Edwin Björkman

Life without love is like a day with sky overcast; though sunless, it makes the eyes smart.

Love is knowledge, but knowledge need not be love until it has become omniscience.

Love, like any other faculty, will atrophy unless it is exercised.

Cracked love may be nicely mended and made to last a lifetime, but its clear, bell-like ring is gone forever.

Pity not the man whom love makes blind, but rather him whose perception remains unimpaired.

The spiritual is to the sensuous side of love what prayer is to food. But without food there will be no prayer.

The sensuous love-life of the average man embodies the highest imaginative flight of which he is capable.

For friends we want equals, so that what we give and what we take be evenly balanced. In love, on the other hand, we look either for one stronger than ourselves, whom we may worship and cling to, or for one weaker than ourselves, whom we may protect and pet. And no sex has a monopoly on either one of these attitudes.

North America vs. South

(Concluded from page 20)

"I don't think I can catch it," said Prof. Clare ruminatively, his opinion being confirmed by the thud of the ball as it reached Mother Earth. Behold, then, a prodigy! Across the ground, his venerable hair streaming in the wind, sped the Rev. Dr. Lake, retrieved the ball, rushed madly toward the infield, flung a providential shot into the eager hands of Beers who relayed to Dove, and cut off the incoming run, at the plate, while the batter went to second. It was the play of the game, and the following Sunday's contribution at the Foreign Mission Church went up five hundred per cent above normal.

Here I pause for a word of self-explanation and defense. I know, just as well as any of my readers, how a baseball story should be written. I realize that the score ought to be a tie, in the final inning, and, with two men out, and none on bases, the despised substitute ought to hammer out a home run; or, at the very least, that the saddened and outworn veteran, who is about to be dropped forever from the game, should palsy the brightening hopes of the opposition, by leaping eight feet in the air and catching an impossible liner between his two remaining teeth. But this is history that I am writing. And the plain fact is, that the last San Mosquito

batter went out on as measly and undramatic a little pop foul as ever nestled to its last, long rest in a catcher's glove. One run, and general thanksgiving for spared lives on the part of the victorious team. Score by innings:

San Mosquito	0	0	0	4	1—5
All Americans	0	1	5	0	x—6

That midnight, three of us, who had mildly broken training at the club, wandered hotel-ward through the sunken Plaza Bolivar where the soft-voiced frog-lings whistle sleepily to each other across the fountain, and the giant purple orchids play a peekaboo with the moon around the tree boles. There, under the band stand's electric light, a dejected figure sat, all humped up. On his knees was a pad of paper. Beside him lay a gnawed pencil. A stray dog was chewing his hat, which lay forgotten on the ground.

"It's Thomas," said Captain Dove, in surprise.

"Yes; it's me," returned the dejected loiterer in a voice of profound despondency.

"What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"Figuring up the error column," answered the Official Scorer.

What Would You Think?

The operation of this car is simplicity itself—as simple as an electric. Your wives and daughters can drive it. This center control is the best new feature brought out in this year.

EVEN makers of absolutely distinct types of automobiles recognize the desirability of the Electric—just read the sentence above, taken verbatim from a recent advertisement of a prominent automobile company.

When men, who have made the study and construction of the automobile a life-work, openly voice their appreciation of the Electric—even to the extent of making it the criterion by which they ask you to judge *their* cars—it is time for you to realize that the Electric is the *ideal* car for you.

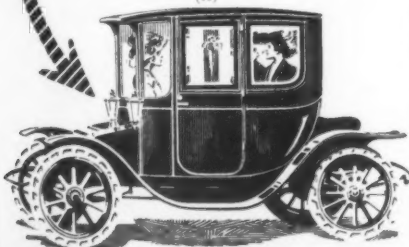
There is a wonderful sense of possession in driving an Electric—the exquisite feeling of power under your instant control—the consciousness of perfect security—the enjoyable satisfaction of gliding silently and comfortably wherever you will.

An Electric is perfectly adaptable to all phases of town use—day or night—in any weather. It is the most suitable car—the least expensive car to maintain—the car that *you* should own.

Interesting literature about the Electric Vehicle gladly sent. Write today.

Before you buy any car—consider the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
BOSTON 124 W. 42nd St. CHICAGO
NEW YORK
(10)



Over the Edge

(Continued from page 17)

herself away in the one cabin beside his own which the Sarah boasted, to think; to come to some sort of decision what to do with her, what line to take with her, what ghastly set of lies to tell.

There were the Robertses who might take her in, or perhaps Bartlett and his sister at Georgetown. He could steam straight on past Gilchrist Bay, letting her think she was on the way there. At Georgetown there'd be a woman who could explain the state of things to her. Then he could run down to the bay, get Phillips on board the Sarah if that vicious little Chino-Malay half-caste who had been living with him lately hadn't already poisoned him, clean him up so that he might bear some resemblance to the white man he'd been once, and carry him back to Georgetown. Then he and the girl could settle matters in some fashion between themselves.

BUT what, in the name of wonder, had brought her out there? She answered that question when she came on deck.

"I suppose you know a good many people at Gilchrist," she ventured.

"Gilchrist Bay," he corrected. "Everybody, I should say."

"Do they call the town Gilchrist Bay, too?"

Town! There was no town. What had Phillips been telling her in those letters? He'd better find out a little more before he committed himself. So when she asked if he knew Mr. Phillips, he only nodded.

"He and I are engaged to be married," she said. This time his thoughtful little nod did not serve so well. "You knew?" she cried. "Then you're one of his friends."

"I think he'd say so," Van Horn ventured.

"I'm glad." The depth of feeling in the girl's voice brought a sharp contraction in his throat. "Then I can talk about him. I've never been able to do that since he left England." She stood silent for a minute, her blue eyes on the horizon, before she began again.

"None of my friends really believed in him. It was my own fault, too. Because at first I hadn't believed enough myself. His hopes seemed more than could possibly come true. I wanted him to go out first and look around, and find out more about things before he invested in anything. He didn't want to waste the time, he said. The thing was sure, and coming out for a look would only put off our wedding day that much further. Of course, he was right about it. But I couldn't expect other people to change their minds and admit that they'd been wrong. So you see—" she turned toward him with a sudden smile—"this is my first good chance. You know even more than I do, I expect. Isn't he wonderful? Don't you think so yourself?"

It would have needed an even worse liar than the captain to deceive her. Her look hardly bothered with his face at all. She was seeing visions elsewhere. "He's keeping your coming as a surprise for us. I didn't even know he was expecting you."

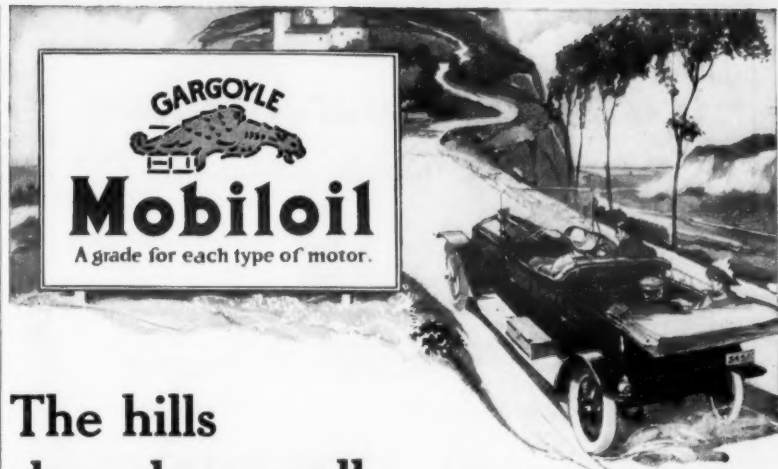
"He isn't," said the girl.

That was all she said then, but after dinner, when he found her watching the phosphorescence by the rail, she went on with the story.

EVERY time she got one of his triumphant letters she hoped it would end by asking her to wait no longer, but to come straight out to him. She knew why he didn't. He wanted everything quite complete and perfect first. He couldn't understand that she really wanted to share part of the rough beginnings with him. She waited in order not to be a drag upon him. But now that the plantation was really established and making money—his letters said that he had already earned back the whole of the original investment—she had decided to wait no longer.

Greatly to Van Horn's relief, she didn't talk much about Phillips after that. She interested herself in navigation and astronomy, learned to box the compass and to take an observation. He got out a roll of shabby old sailing charts which he didn't consult once in a dozen voyages, and let her have them to play with. He left her buried in them, humming herself in tune. It was the "Swing Song" from Veronique.

She had sense and intelligence, that girl. She'd come through the tragic experience that was ahead of her better than most.



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Gargoyle Mobiloil "D."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic."

All are branded with the Gargoyle, which is our mark of manufacture.

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example, "A." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc." means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil A. The recommendations cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1908	1909	1910	1911	1912
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer
Abbott Detroit	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Alco	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
American	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Apperson	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Atlas	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Com'l	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Austin	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Autocar (2 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Autocar (4 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Bentley	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Bregell	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Brush	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Buick (2 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Buick (4 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Cadillac (1 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Cadillac (4 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Cartier	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Com'l	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Case	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Chadwick	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Chalmers	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Chase	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Cole	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Columbia	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Columbia Knight	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Coupe	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Croston-Keeton	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Daimler	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Daimler Knight	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Darracq	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
De Dion	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Delahaye	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Delamare-Belleville	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Elmore	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
E. M. P.	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Fiat	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Flanders	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Ford	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Franklin	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Com'l	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Gramm	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Gramm-Logan	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Hewitt (2 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Hewitt (4 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Hudson	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Hupmobile	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
International	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Interstate	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Isotta	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Italia	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Jackson (2 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Kelly	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Kiesel-Karr	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Com'l	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Kline Kar	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Krit	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Lambert	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Com'l	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Lancia	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Locomobile	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Linier	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Mack	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Marion	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Marron	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Matheson	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Maxwell (2 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Maxwell (4 cyl)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Mercedes	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Mercedes Knight	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Merz	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Minerva Knight	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Mitchell	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Blon	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
National	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Oakland	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Oldsmobile	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Overland	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Packard	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Panhard	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Panhard Knight	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Peerless	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Pennsylvania	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Pierce Arrow	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Com'l	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Pope Hartford	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Premier	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Rambler	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Rapid	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Regal	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Renault	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Reo	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Royal Tourist	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Selden	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Simplex	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Speedwell	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Stanley	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Stearns	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Stearns Knight	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Stevens Duryea	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Stoddard Dayton	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Stoddard Dayton Knight	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Thomas	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Walter	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Welch	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Welch Detroit	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
White (Gas)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
White (Steam)	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.
Winton	A.	A.	A.	A.	A.

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Over the Edge

(Continued from page 37)

She broke into his thoughts just then by coming out on deck with a puzzled, thoughtful frown on her face. She went straight to the binnacle and stood for a while looking at the compass, her frown deepening. Even then it didn't occur to him that he had laid a trap for himself and fallen into it.

Suddenly she turned and shot a look squarely into his eyes.

"Why aren't we going to Gilchrist Bay?"

With a minute's warning he would have done better—would have said he'd found it necessary to make another call first. As it was, he framed what was meant for an indulgent smile, and said: "We are."

SHE went white, but her voice came firm enough; had, indeed, a peremptory ring to it.

"Is he dead? I want your word of honor, please."

"No."

Evidently his look satisfied her, for the tension relaxed a little, and she turned away.

"But what made you think we weren't going to the bay?"

Her eyes darkened scornfully. "With the charts and the compass and the observations we've been taking?"

Deep down inside, Van Horn swore at himself for a fool. But she didn't leave him much time even for this indulgence.

"I'd like true answers to a few more questions," she said.

"All right. You deserve them."

Van Horn started away toward the deck chair, but she shook her head, smiling.

"No, I sha'n't faint. I'd rather hear about it—standing up. I suppose you've got to tell me that he didn't succeed after all."

"That's the sum and substance of it," said Van Horn.

"There have been other things in his letters—that weren't true? Besides that, the plantation wasn't—wasn't making money?"

Van Horn nodded.

"All about the town and his friends?"

"It's a hundred and fifty miles away from where he is."

"It was that town you were taking me to?"

VAN HORN nodded again.

She asked no more questions for a few minutes but pondered in silence over the information he had already given her.

"Was the investment a bad one to begin with?" she asked. "Shouldn't he have paid his five thousand pounds in London?"

Van Horn's rueful smile was all the answer she needed.

"He tried to make good anyway, didn't he?" she asked. "And for a while he thought he was going to? The letters he wrote me were—true in his hopes?"

The phrase caught Van Horn. "True in his hopes," he echoed.

"I'm glad I came," she said quietly.

There was another little silence.

"I can see you meant it kindly," she said at last, "taking me to the other place first. But you mustn't do it. I want to go straight to Gilchrist Bay. I want you to turn the ship to take me there. As straight as we can go."

The words had the ring of an order in them. It was a good many years since anyone had ordered Van Horn to do anything. But he almost obeyed automatically. He didn't, though.

She waited a minute; then, "Why not?" she asked.

"He's the only white person there," he said uncomfortably. "He's quite alone, except for the natives. It wouldn't be a—very pleasant place for a white woman to go."

"Pleasant!" she echoed.

"And then—" Van Horn's face went a deeper mahogany than usual—"well, don't you see, there isn't any minister—or magistrate—or any such person there. And you aren't—married to him yet, you know."

SHE colored a little, but her eyes met his without wavering. "Still," she said, "I'll ask you to take me straight to Gilchrist Bay."

Van Horn tossed away his cigar, but he stayed where he was.

The color had left the girl's face now, and it was whiter than ever. She was holding rather tightly to the rail herself. "Is there some other reason?" she asked.

"Is there more that you haven't told me, or that I haven't guessed?"

"There's a whole lot more," said the captain.

THE lamp flame, flickering in its smoky chimney, left great gashes of black shadow where the torn mats that formed the walls of the hut sagged inward, shadows that swayed and darted like monstrous, formless beasts as the mats shook in the mist-laden night wind. It sifted through gaping cracks in the crazy floor and gilded the white mold that had formed on the mud ten feet below. The cracks were left there intentionally. When the woman who had lately made herself at home there wanted to throw anything away, it was easier to slop it down through these cracks than to heave it out of the open doorway. Contrasted with the candid moonlight out there, the lamp shone almost brown through the smoke that filled the hut and turned the litter, mostly of papers, on the floor a dingy yellow.

It lighted two figures that squatted one on either side of it, a brown woman and a yellow man. The woman, clad in an incomplete and unconscious travesty of European dress that had been bright-colored as long as the colors had a chance to show through the dirt, was smoking a small cigar. The yellow man, in a blue jacket and black pajamas, was searching steadily through the litter on the floor. There wasn't much there that seemed to interest him, though occasionally he rescued something from the heap and laid it aside. There was a watch, a photograph in a big silver frame, a leather pocketbook, a few old coins—nothing that amounted to much.

The woman watched him through half-shut eyes, intent apparently that no feat of legerdemain should deprive her of her just half of the spoils. On the floor beside her, within easy reach, was a phonograph, which she wound up idly as often as it showed a disposition to run down. The battered record in it she never troubled to change, nor the worn-out needle. It had been rasping and squeaking away at the "Merry Widow" waltz for more than an hour. It seemed to be the noise they liked, rather than the tune. The shrill jabber of their voices found it a pleasant undertone.

Presently the man fished out a big Manila envelope from the heap. It had another record in it, one apparently that the woman had never seen, for she looked at it in surprise. The man, with a gesture, told her to put it in the machine.

He had finished his winnowing and was looking out through the doorway at the patch of bright water that it framed. In the middle of the frame was a double-hulled junk, its catch-tanned lateen sail showing black against the silver. Close beside it was a smaller boat, a sort of barge, crowded with naked coolies.

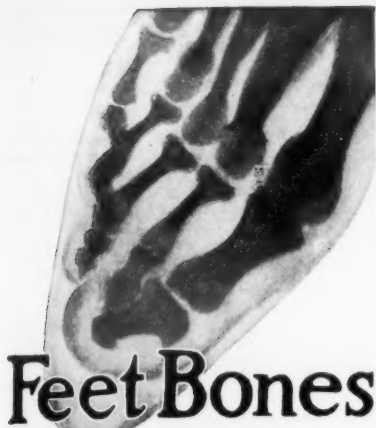
The yellow man rose and stood in the doorway, and presently shouted an order to the people in the junk. In answer there came up a louder confusion of noises, then, all by itself, a single outcry, and the night stillness closed in again. The man stayed there in the doorway, looking out.

FOR the first time the woman's eyes left him. She relighted her cigar over the lamp. Then her gaze wandered over into the corner where there was a soiled heap of bedding. Lying on it, hardly distinguishable from it, in his soiled, yellow-white shirt and trousers and his soiled yellow-white skin, was a man. Mouth and eyes were half open, mouth fixed, eyes glazed. Had it not been for the labored rise and fall of his breathing, audible now the phonograph had stopped, one would have taken him for dead. And it would have needed a second look to convince you that the man had once been white.

The woman looked at him indifferently, but before she turned away, a vicious, foolish smile had flickered across her mouth. She took the "Merry Widow" out of the phonograph and fitted the new record in its place. Just as she wound it up and set it going the yellow man came back from the doorway and squatted at the other side of the little pile of salvage. They set seriously to work dividing it up.

Neither of them had a glance or a thought for the man who lay on the soiled pile of bedding in the corner, no more than they had for the new tune the phonograph was playing, the little "Swing Song" from Veronique.

But the white man began to stir, painfully and feebly at first, like one strug-



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Over the Edge

(Concluded from page 28)

gling up out of the deep waters of oblivion. His lips came together and his eyes widened. Then he sat erect and faintly smiled. It was the tune—the tune! His hands were moving in time to it.

The motion checked itself; the staring eyes began to see. He frowned and rubbed his hands across them, and looked keenly and purposely now at the pair squatting beside the lamp. They were unconscious of his gaze, squabbling earnestly over the division of the spoils.

Suddenly a voice rang in their ears, not loud but with the crisp English edge of command in it.

"What are you doing there?"

Their hands jumped away from the little heap of treasures. They turned sullen and afraid toward the voice. The habits of obedience and fear are slow to overcome.

THE next moment, under his breath and between motionless lips, the yellow man spoke to the woman. She rose to her knees, the vicious, foolish smile again on her mouth, took from the floor a wavy-bladed Malay kris; then stood, stooping a little sidewise, and began moving toward the man in the corner.

The yellow man did not look up again, for he was busy packing the loot into his deep sleeve pockets until he heard a scream. He didn't start to his feet at the sound of it, though. Instead, he crouched a little lower.

The white man had one hand hidden under the bedclothes. He hadn't moved from his sitting posture, but he was smiling, too. It was at his smile that the woman screamed, for it had told her what his hand would contain when it appeared again.

She screamed again when he raised the revolver and leveled it. The next noise she made after he'd fired was just a wheezy sort of sob. Then she came staggering back on the Chinaman just as he rose and caught her. The Chinaman took care not to let her fall. He stood behind her, holding her erect between himself and the man with the pistol, while he backed to the doorway. Then, with a plunge down the frail ladder, he was gone. He dropped the woman at the foot of it—she had served her purpose—and made for the beach. The white man was left alone in his hut, the smoking revolver in his hand. The phonograph was still playing the "Swing Song" from Veronique.

The cessation of the tune brought him a sort of awakening shock just as the beginning of it had done. He looked at the litter of papers about the lamp, then crawled painfully over toward it. He couldn't stand erect, it seemed. He took pains to carry the revolver along with him, too. He began turning over the papers, mostly letters in the straight up-and-down angular hand Van Horn had learned to know.

The muzzle of his revolver, as the hand that held it stirred, rang upon metal—something that was buried there under the letters. It was the picture in the silver frame. Well, now was as good a time to say good-by to her as any. There was no hurry as long as the lamp burned, so that he could see her face. It wouldn't last much longer.

The night breeze freshened. The rattle of the palm leaves outside, and the banging of the loose mats that formed the walls, swallowed the sound of the boat's keel that grated on the beach and the hurried tread of approaching feet outside.

The wind freshened a little more and the lamp blew out. There was only the patch of moonshine, whitening the doorway now. But in the doorway, clad all in white, the moonlight shining in all around her, stood, by some miracle, the girl in the frame.

THE hand that held the revolver went slack. Phillips's dry throat gave out a sobbing sort of laugh.

"Alice," he whispered.

"Better let me go in ahead," came Van Horn's voice from below her on the ladder.

"No," she said steadily enough. "It's all right. I've found him."

It was a minute or two later when Van Horn came in and joined her.

And when, between them, they carried Phillips down the ladder, there was nothing lying there at the foot of it to suggest terrible questions to the girl. She hadn't seen it when she came in.

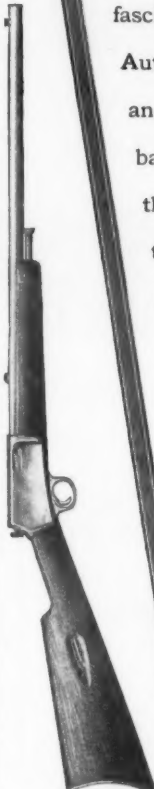
Half an hour later they had Phillips safely tucked away in Van Horn's own bunk on the *Sarah Bird*.

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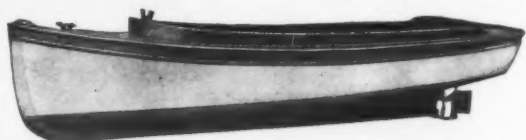
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A Touch of Nature

(Concluded from page 15)

Miss Scarval felt the title of her volume, "The Young Mother," burning through the wrappings. She nodded grimly and hurried on at a pace that would have made Mrs. Biggins's look like a snail's. A premonition of the torrent of gossip that would sweep through her little circle of acquaintances as soon as Tommy was discovered dismayed her.

"Drat him! Drat him!" she muttered petulantly.

The brat, as she mentally called him, was still asleep. But before she had been in the house long he manifested, by a series of coos and squeaks, that the nap was ended. She heated some milk.

Miss Scarval fastened about Tommy's neck one of the newly purchased bibs. Then, supporting his back awkwardly with her skinny left hand, she held the cup of milk to his lips. It was a slow process. He drank in little gulps, with much gasping and spluttering, and between gulps he gazed at Miss Scarval soberly and clawed gently at her gnarled fingers that clasped the cup. These fingers interested him extraordinarily. He patted them and fondled them, and finally he located her free thumb and clasped it affectionately in his chubby fist.

"Here! Let go!" cried Miss Scarval sharply.

Then she looked down and saw for the first time the four little dimples in a row across the back of Tommy's clasped hand, just below the finger joints. They were particularly entrancing dimples.

PERHAPS it was the sight of these dimples, or the clasp of his fingers, or the whole business of feeding the baby (which is the quintessence of maternal intimacy) that set strange emotions stirring in the flat-breasted old maid. It was a sort of glow that tingled from her heart to her finger tips and back again. She resented the feeling and fought against it.

"Hurry up!" she cried harshly. "I can't stay here all day. I've work to do."

Tommy finished his milk and lay back contentedly, a well-fed animal. Miss Scarval withdrew to the kitchen, where she began nervously making the preliminary preparations against her evening meal. She attributed her peculiar emotion to the excitement of the day. "I hope I'm not going to have heart attacks, like father," she said aloud.

She set some water on the stove to boil and washed two potatoes. Upstairs all was quiet. She found herself listening for a sound. The stillness made her nervous. He might be crawling to the edge of the bed. He might fall to the floor, and the neighbors, with whom she was not on particularly good terms, would hear his screams and come "snooping" on the pretext of borrowing some sugar. In the midst of peeling a potato she jumped up suddenly and tiptoed upstairs. The baby was still in the middle of the bed. She intended to peer in at the door and steal away, but he had heard her coming and smiled at her cordially, stretching out his hand.

"Humph!" ejaculated Miss Scarval haughtily, and returned with great dignity to the kitchen.

Miss Scarval expected to stay in the kitchen for some time. In addition to her dinner preparations, there were a couple of little cleaning jobs she had planned. But some power which she did not understand kept drawing her back to the bedroom. In her own mind she would make a very plausible pretext for going to the bedroom and then she would mount the stairs stealthily. On each of her visits the baby smiled sweetly at her and gurgled. But she told herself she was not deceived by his apparent good-natured innocence. She expected the Flice devil in him to break out momentarily.

FINALLY she found herself in the bedroom without an excuse. She had not even been conscious of leaving the kitchen. She had simply been seduced from her work by an unaccountable curiosity, and the realization of this appalled her. She scowled down at the baby defiantly. "I'm making a fool of myself already," she said aloud. "This must stop. I'm going to stop it."

She marched stiffly out of the room. It was her sixth visit.

She set at cleaning her china closet. On this day in every week she invariably swept and dusted in the roomy closet and arranged her china and glasses in neat rows on the shelves, which were covered with fresh, white paper. The closet was

one of her joys; perhaps it was her principal source of gratification. It symbolized her ideas of neatness and order.

She removed all the china carefully to the kitchen tubs and began dusting the shelves with vigor. Then she placed fresh paper upon them. She had determined not to pay any heed to the baby for at least half an hour. But somehow the housewifely task did not inspire in her the usual feeling of contentment. She kept glancing uneasily at the kitchen clock.

Presently she heard the baby whimpering upstairs. She stopped to listen. Then she resumed her labors deliberately, setting her lips in defiance. If the brat was cross, let him cry! She was not going to be a slave to him. The whimpering sounds steadily increased in volume.

MISS SCARVAL eliminated every speck of dirt from the closet. She cut new paper to suitable lengths and placed it on the shelves. By the time this task was completed, the whimpering upstairs had developed into a real cry.

Miss Scarval strode to the foot of the stairs.

"Shut up!" she called sharply. "Shut up, you brat!"

The cries ceased.

"There!" she muttered. She took up a big platter from the tubs. As she was about to place it on the shelves, the baby cried out again and she dropped the platter. It broke into several pieces on the floor.

Such a catastrophe was rare with her. She was a careful housekeeper. She handled china with precision. She stared at the fragments of the platter with an air of angry incredulity.

"There, that's the beginning," she said bitterly, and picked up the pieces.

Upstairs the wailing continued, but Miss Scarval hardened her heart against it. "Let him cry!" she muttered vindictively, as she rustled about with her plates. But she worried about his crying. Perhaps he was really in distress. Perhaps the milk had disagreed with him. It might have been too hot—or too cold—or possibly a special kind of milk was required for babies. She kept watching the kitchen clock. On the hour she would go to him. She wondered that the minutes dragged so. It was as if the child had an invisible string about her heart which he kept pulling with his dimpled hands. The knowledge that she wanted to go upstairs made her rattle the plates about viciously. "Bosh! Let him cry!" she repeated. It still lacked five minutes to the hour by the kitchen timepiece, but she heard a church clock booming the hour and ran quickly up the stairs. "I'll fix him!" she told herself grimly.

As soon as she appeared in the doorway Tommy's tears ceased magically, and he tried to change his woebegone expression to a smile so quickly that he almost choked. But the smile did come, like a sudden burst of sunshine after rain. "Gloo!" he said. "Glug-glug-gloo!" He kicked his heels and crowed ecstatically.

MISS SCARVAL felt the warm glow stealing over her irresistibly. He had been crying for her. No one had ever done that before. No one had ever wanted her enough to cry for her. She had intended to be haughtily firm with the child. But now all her cold anger was melted within her. She felt her dignity going. An unsuspected flame of tenderness suddenly flared up within her. She gulped a sob and felt her eyes filling. She feared she might be going to cry. She knew she was going to cry.

For an instant she stood irresolute. Then she took a step toward the bed.

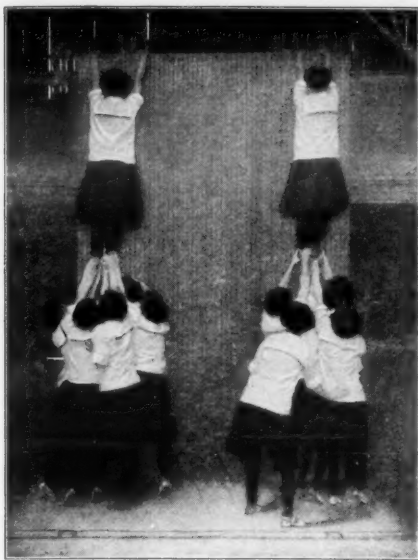
"Ma-ma-ma-ma!" cooed Tommy softly, stretching out his hands. "Glug-goo!"

With a dissolute feeling of abandon, Miss Scarval flung herself upon the bed and buried her face against his chest. "Oh, baby, baby!" she cried pitifully, her body shaken with sobs.

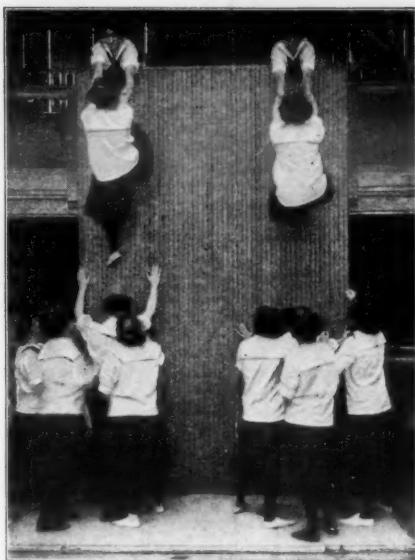
Tommy screamed with delight. He patted her cheeks with a tiny hand and then drew his hand away and regarded it gravely, because it was wet. Wetness, he considered, was a novel phenomenon in connection with the adult cheek. Thoughtfully he placed a finger in his mouth. It tasted of salt.

Presently Miss Scarval raised her tear-stained face and regarded Tommy with an odd light in her eyes.

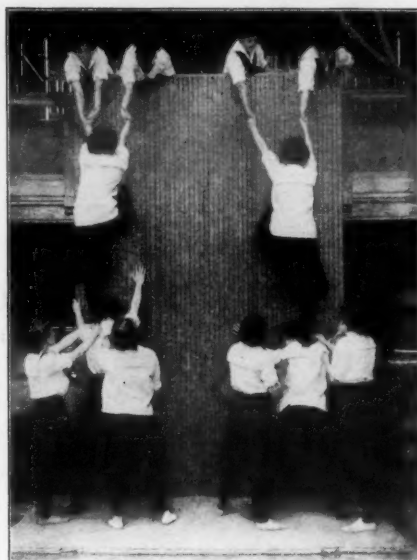
"Ickle sweetums!" she whispered shakily, cribbing in shameless fashion from Mrs. Biggins. "Wootsie, diddle dums!"



First formation



Second formation



Third formation

Wall Scaling for Girls

By G. A. TURKINGTON

THE wall-scaling contests for women, as recently introduced into the athletic world by Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard University, are of more than ordinary interest. The event is a spectacular one in which daring and skill predominate, but simply to add one more feat to those which women may accomplish in the gymnasium and out of doors has not been Dr. Sargent's motive in developing this.

Dr. Sargent's observation has been—and he has followed year after year the careers of many hundreds of young women—that success comes not so often to the girl of unusual mental equipment as to the girl who has the physical capacity to stand the continued and rough assaults of business and professional life. Whether a woman is to be the center of a home and the mother of children, or is to be the efficient assistant of a business man, her success will be commensurate with her physical ability.

If this appears to be a somewhat sweeping statement, we should ask ourselves in what physical ability really consists? To be more explicit, what does it mean for twelve girls to put themselves over a perpendicular twelve-foot wall in twenty-three seconds without ropes, ladders, or help of any kind? There are many brawny athletes among the college men who could not accomplish such a feat so quickly and gracefully. The girls who suc-

ceed best in a test of this kind are those whose minds are as alert and resourceful as their bodies. The body cannot perform intricate gymnastics unless the brain can also perform mental gymnastics. This is only another way of saying that we cannot train the body without training the mind at the same time.

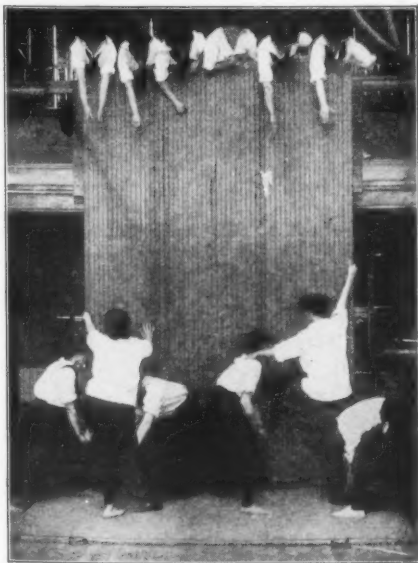
All athletic and recreative events in which courage, resourcefulness, and alertness are essentials are the ones which our modern civilization requires. "Is not ordinary breadwinning to-day strenuous?" asked Dr. Sargent. "Preparation for strenuous living must take actual conditions into account and must test severely the brain and muscle of the girl who is facing a career. All physical educationists welcome whatever fashion will approve for women's development in the way of swimming, horseback riding, vaulting, wall scaling, or what not—so long as something more than routine motions and thinking are involved. Every athletic performance which involves danger and possible failure are the ones which form the most valuable training for life. In the restricted area of four walls swimming and horseback riding cannot be indulged in naturally. The uncertainties of the lake or ocean waves, shore, and winds are necessary adjuncts of swimming and diving. The safety of the swimming tank will not develop the courage of the swimmer.

Throughout life we are contesting with the abilities and brains of others, hence the value of such athletic contests as wall scaling, in which it is the "best" girl who is the one assigned the most difficult part (that of being the last one over the wall) and in which it is the best team which wins. There is no chance for trickery—the winning team must always be the one in which the team play and the individual play is the best. But Dr. Sargent insists that women have heretofore been handicapped in their careering by their inability to cooperate properly. In other words, they have failed in team play. Realizing the situation, for many years he has been introducing into his gymnasium, and has been the exponent of, those games and athletic events in which the success depended upon team play. Wall scaling, perhaps more than any other athletic feat, develops the spirit of cooperation—one girl is powerless to get over the wall without the expert assistance of others. No special interest in a wall-scaling contest attaches to any one girl—it is the effect of the whole that holds the interest. "Cooperation," rather than "antagonism," is the keynote of the training which Dr. Sargent advocates for young women.

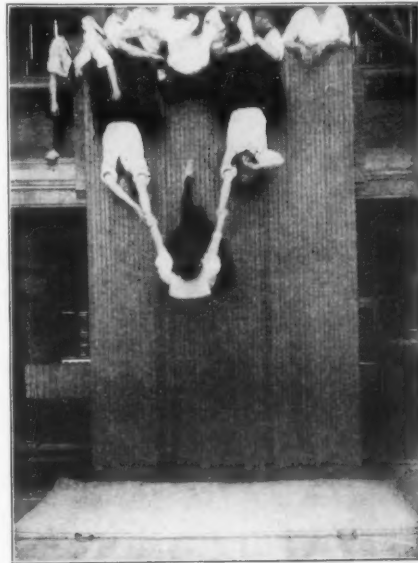
NO two teams perform the wall scaling in exactly the same formations, but each team has a carefully planned method of attack in which every movement by every girl is counted on. In general, the procedure is as follows:

At a given signal each of the two teams, of twelve girls each, rushes toward the wall; the first four girls kneel on the ground, the second four jump upon them. The next two scramble upon the double tier of stooping girls and, boosted from this position, pull themselves up and over the top. The first girl up throws herself down over the wall, as far as she can safely, to reach the outstretched hands of the next girl. From the moment when the first two girls are safely over until all but one are up, the performance is comparatively simple. To assist the last girl, two of those above hang head downward from the knees with outstretched hands to grasp those of the girl below as she jumps up also with outstretched hands.

IN this "inverted" position the last girl is pulled until she is two-thirds of the way up, when she makes a quick shift; her feet slide up and her head down. At this critical fraction of a second each of her feet is grasped by a girl above; then as quick as thought the three suspended girls raise themselves to a sitting position and are over. All the thinking and moving has to be done in fifths of seconds. Is not this training of the practical, "real-life" kind? Any person can think things out if sufficient time is given. When time is limited, how many failures there are due to one's inability to think and act quickly!



Fourth formation



Fifth formation

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 This tells you why
 'Tis good for pie



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